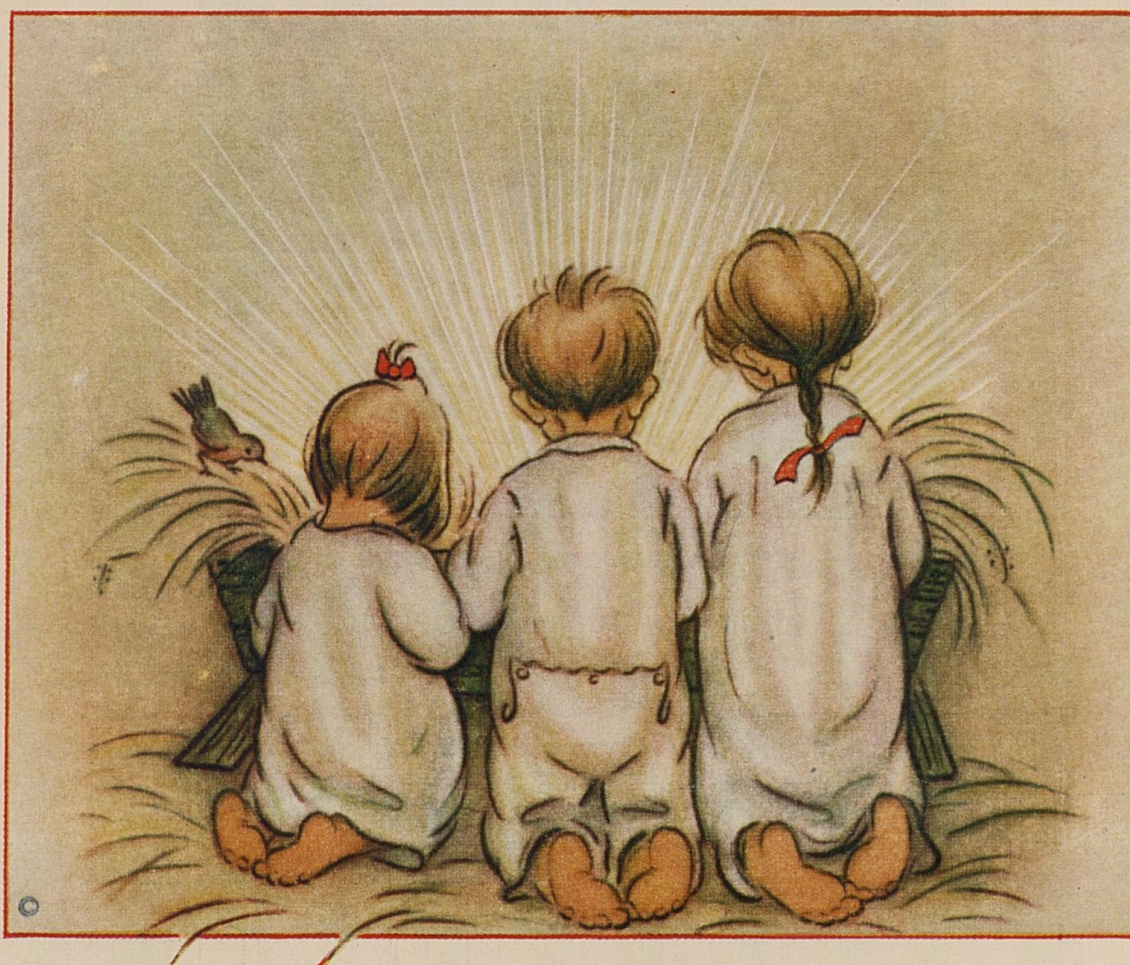


The Quarterly Bulletin
of
Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

Volume 24

Autumn, 1948

Number 2



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TWO ASSISTANT DIRECTORS
of the
FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE,
and JEEP

(left to right)

Helen E. Browne, R.N., S.C.M.
Betty Lester, R.N., S.C.M.

Photograph Courtesy of Vera Chadwell

THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN of FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.
Published Quarterly by the Frontier Nursing Service, Lexington, Ky.
Subscription Price \$1.00 Per Year

VOLUME 24

AUTUMN, 1948

NUMBER 2

"Entered as second-class matter June 30, 1926, at the Post Office at Lexington, Ky.,
under Act of March 3, 1879."

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THE MOTHER-HEART

by

ROBERT EMMET WARD

I never touch the wonder of her hair,
Her golden nimbus like a sunlit mist,
That curls of other children are not there,
Untouched, unkempt, unkissed.

I never feel her small, confiding hand
Slipped softly, like a flower, within my own,
But other little ones beside her stand,
Unloved, untaught, unknown.

I never bend above her rosy sleep,
Or kneel in gratitude beside her bed,
But other babes in outer darkness weep,
Unwatched, uncomforted.

O little daughters whom no mother tends!
O wee lost lambs that stray in stony ways!
How shall we find you?—and how make amends
For our child's happy days?

Courtesy of *Collier's Magazine*, December 16, 1916

ROUTINE CHAOS?

by

MAURICE O. BARNEY, M. D.
Medical Director of the Frontier Nursing Service

How often do we hear the statement "Variety is the Spice of Life." In our own situation with the Frontier Nursing Service, this is only partially true; it can become a slight headache as well. Medicine with us is truly general practice, going frequently from one end of the "books" to the other. The variety of cases we see not only keeps our interest alive in all fields of medicine and current therapy, but also makes it difficult to keep pace with the advances in each special field. Furthermore, there is too little "free" time to allow the desired amount of studying and reading of Medical Journals.

For example this might be part of a typical day in clinic (other than the special clinic for mothers and babies); we have special days for clinic, but actually every day is a clinic day!

(1) Mr. A. J. is brought to the Hospital by his anxious family and friends. He is an elderly man, completely disoriented in all spheres and in mild shock. This is the result of an attack by "tame" bees. Fortunately we can report that he recovered completely in a few hours.

Did you know bees can be dangerous? Death has resulted from as few as two "stings." Death can also be caused by suffocation when the small insects cover the nose and mouth.

- (2) Next Betty Lou—aged 5, has "worms."
- (3) Mrs. J. received a rat bite on her foot when she accidentally stepped on a rat, the rat having bitten through her shoe; but no "Weils disease"!
- (4) Mrs. C., a middle aged woman with asthma since childhood, has been having an acute attack since daybreak.
- (5) Little Joe, aged 7, with one-third of his toe almost off (chopping kindling). This is one that didn't come off and is still growing with little Joe.
- (6) Mrs. D., prenatal, with pyelitis (kidney infection).

- (7) Little Patsy, aged 3—chicken pox, no less!
- (8) Uncle Ed., 74, a splinter in his thumb.
- (9) Mr. E. C., a miner, was caught in a blast while “shooting coal”; due to a “quick fuse” the “blast” blew out his tiny lamp, knocked him down, and of course “peppered” him with tiny pieces of coal and rock which were found in and beneath the skin. This man with his “buddy” made his way nearly to the mine entrance on hands and knees. On reaching the Hospital he looked rather shocking with bleeding from 20–30 points and abundance of coal dust. However, when the wounds were cleaned there was a close resemblance to a well scattered charge of buck shot, plus multiple bruises, or technically—abrasions. No blast injury or serious damage, but very sore for a while.
- (10) Johnny, age 4, tonsillitis with a middle ear infection.
- (11) Mary J., age 15, pain in her right side, nausea and vomiting since last night—an acute appendix. Now to get Dr. Collins from Hazard and remove it—if we can get a call through to Hazard on the telephone.
- (12) A. B., Jr., age 6, mumps!
- (13) Betty R., poison ivy.
- (14) Henry L., 2 months old, “colic” and a feeding problem.

This continues for 30–60 patients. Then, at 2:30 in the morning comes a call from one of our District nurse-midwives on a delivery call with a face presentation. Let me add that these girls are the backbone of the program of bringing up-to-date care to the most remote cabins in our area.

The Service has always been deeply interested in children, who comprise approximately half of my work. We constantly strive to improve the maternal care. The obstetrical side would appear slighted if I did not mention that only a few emergencies are seen on the “regular” clinic days which I have described. This is because we have a special day each week for mothers and babies.

The situation under which the Service is operating is changing rapidly and can not be completely overlooked. For instance, the population is increasing; coal mines are operating on an

increasingly larger scale [with trucks to carry the coal to distant railroads]; the standard of living is rising; and more roads are being constructed. More and more the people realize the need for medical care, and now can travel to get it or make their needs known better than ever before.

With these changes in mind, all can see clearly that more space for our Hospital is needed as well as another doctor. The program could then be enlarged to include even more district work, more home visits, and above all else well baby clinics at all our centers, which would prevent a lot of our present illness in this youngest age group and improve the general area health.

LIMERICKS

There was an old man who said, "Do
Tell me how I'm to add two and two?
I'm not very sure
That it doesn't make four—
But I fear that is almost too few."

.

There once was a man who said, "How
Shall I manage to carry my cow?
For if I should ask it
To get in my basket,
'T would make such a terrible row."

—Anonymous
From *A Nonsense Anthology*
Collected by Carolyn Wells, 1903

MANDY WALKED AGAIN

by

ROSE EVANS (Cherry), R.N., S.C.M.

Senior Nurse-Midwife at the
Frances Bolton Nursing Center,
Confluence, Kentucky

Accidents will happen—as in this case in the mountains last winter—in the worst weather possible. Snow sixteen inches deep, over a thick layer of ice. Temperature below zero. The time, 5:00 p.m.

I had just come in from a ten-mile walk (weather conditions and river permitted no riding) and was thawing out before a good fire, when I heard the clang of the gate, and voices which meant just one thing, "You're wanted."

Two very scared and frozen boys rode up to the door and both started talking to me at the same time. After listening to first one and then the other, I gathered that their grandmother, known to me as Mandy and aged 70, had fallen in the yard and broken her leg. They had brought their horse for me—"Would you ride hit?" I thought, no river to cross, but one of the worst mountains in the district facing me! However, as these boys had come that way, I could go back with them. So I left it at that.

The next few minutes were spent in getting together what I thought I would need. Finally, saddlebags and self ready, I

went out and made the acquaintance of the horse. Lo and behold, no saddle! No earthly chance of adjusting one of ours without wasting a lot of time. So, I quickly dumped the contents of my saddlebags into a pillow case. To keep on that horse without a saddle would need



The Start

all my powers of concentration without slippery bags under me.

I made the smaller of the two boys get up in front of me. The other one went ahead with a lantern and my pillow case of emergency supplies. We started. The second boy had what it takes. To this day I marvel at his lung capacity. He went up that mountain like a blue streak, dragging the horse, with me as a grim and uncomfortable rider behind him. My companion fairly hung on to the horse's mane while I clasped him firmly around the middle. Up and up we went—up a winding path—through snow drifts—on ice—under trees—over fallen logs—the boy clutching the mane, I clutching the boy. We reached the top, a panting foursome—our breath like steam in the lantern light, our bodies one big ache.



The Climb

Now down the other side we went, walking, because it was impossible for man or beast to keep their feet on the steep downgrade. We all four slid. We made the cabin at last—arriving very sore and very cold. Mandy's groans spurred me to activity, and one look at her leg told me it was fractured. Neighbors had come in from round about, so I had many helpers. With their aid I got all I wanted in the way of material for splints in no time. Meanwhile I had given Mandy a sedative and filled her corn-cob pipe. Then I padded the splints and prepared to set her leg.



Setting the Leg

One of the neighbors who had come in to help was a "cow doctor," so I asked for his services, and he proved most helpful. Between us we got the bones into position and the splints in place. Time would tell whether our efforts were successful. Under normal weather conditions Mandy would have been taken out for an X-ray and medical

care, but there was no chance of this just then—or for the many weeks that followed.

Once we had Mandy's leg in position, and splinted, all her pain ceased. I left the old lady with the hope that by the time Spring came, she could walk again—

And she did.



Spring

PREWAR EGGS

A young matron of our acquaintance has lately had a baby. She lives in a community where a leading pediatrician, very modern, takes on the babies as soon as they are born—in order to make sure that the hospitals don't stop the breast feeding, upon which he so rightly insists. This pediatrician was called when the young matron went into the delivery room, and was sitting by her when she came to. He told her that she had a daughter, and he swears this is what she said in reply: "I did not want that. I want two dozen prewar eggs."

REFLECTIONS OF A NIGHT NURSE

by
MARGARET FIELD, R.N., M.N.

"Anything can happen here—and probably will" should be the slogan of Hyden Hospital. To no situation is this slogan more applicable than the night, for everything happens at night and even more or less ordinary events are invested with a certain eerie quality by the blackness and stillness of the wee small hours. As I have found myself on night duty time after time I have remembered, frequently and with a wry smile, the significant words of the Bible: "Men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil." If one's apparent fondness for the dark is the measure of one's evil deeds, I must be extremely wicked, to put it mildly!

Night is the time when little children in the hospital cry for home and mother, when every ache and pain of adults becomes not only more painful but more terrifying. Night is the time when many babies are born, or at least when they announce their intentions of appearing. Many a time there has been a close race between the stork and the midwives here. The night nurse's responsibility in such a case is to telephone the midwives' quarters (and hope she can be heard) and wait for some one to come and "catch" the baby. If the midwife beats the stork, the night nurse can draw another deep breath and go about her business.

Hyden Hospital knows both extremes, the nights when it is so quiet that the rustle of her own clean uniform startles the nurse as she swishes down the hall, and the opposite kind, so noisy and busy that no power on earth can enable the nurse to accomplish all the necessary tasks in the allotted time.

Besides patients, we occasionally have relatives who spend the night. We sometimes ask relatives to stay or at least accede to their request to be allowed to stay, not so much to help care for the patient or because the patient is critically ill, but because it is impossible to get in touch with families easily and quickly should there be any change in the patient's condition. Therefore we often have someone staying with a patient the first night or two after operation, or a mother staying with a very sick child.

All relatives who "take the night" are divided into two classes: those who ask for a blanket so they can curl up and go to sleep, and those who ask for coffee so they can stay awake. We try to be amenable to both suggestions! Unless the patient is very noisy and restless or is at death's door, the relative usually tries to rest. We are glad to donate extra beds for this purpose when we have them. Sometimes embarrassing things happen, as on the morning when I had to rout a visiting mother out of bed because there was a new patient to be admitted at four o'clock.

Relatives who stay over night are usually very helpful, not only with their own folks but with other patients as well. One night I went downstairs and called a man who was sitting in the waiting room till his shift with a seriously ill relative began. He was asleep but I woke him and asked him to come and help me move a large woman who had just died. Not very conventional, of course, but I was all alone and had to have help in turning the woman. At Hyden Hospital we soon learn to be absolutely open-minded and to believe that whatever works is good. The strange part, to me, is that no visitor ever seems surprised at what happens here or what he is asked to do.

If there were only the patients in the hospital wards—yes, and their relatives—to look after, life would be simple indeed. There would be hectic moments, of course, with everybody wanting something at the same time, but in general things would be under control.

But the first floor is another story! Generally it is when the nurse is busiest upstairs that the doorbell peals through the echoing silences of the night. As soon as possible she puts down the baby she is carrying, winds up the treatment she is giving, or pulls a thermometer from somebody's mouth, and then runs downstairs, mentally prepared for anything. She courageously throws open the front door and peers out into the darkness, wondering what will greet her. At the door the nurse often finds a young man, nervously fingering his cap. He says, apologetically and bashfully, "Annie is sick." The nurse of some F.N.S. experience knows immediately what is behind that simple statement. A girl is in labor and her husband has come for the midwives. A hurried telephone call to the midwives' quarters, the tramping of heavy boots across the waiting room floor as

the nurses pick up their saddlebags, and they are off to another delivery. Sometimes it is the impatient pawing of horses' hoofs that shatters the stillness of the frosty night, and sometimes it is the spluttering of Janie, the jeep, as the nurses drive off. In any case it's exciting, this race to welcome another new life.

Sometimes the person at the front door at night is one who has had a bad accident and needs immediate suturing or an x-ray. In the case of accident or illness the medical director must be called. The night nurse helps him in his examination and treatment and then either dismisses the patient or takes him upstairs to be admitted. Many people appearing at our door in the middle of the night expect to find the doctor waiting there for them. They look incredulous when told that he must get up, get dressed, and come up the hill, all of which takes a few minutes. Such people look beyond the nurse, over toward the doctor's desk, as if half expecting him to be hiding behind it. When one woman came in at 12:30 a.m., I asked how long she had had the pain of which she complained. "Oh, I had it all day yesterday," she replied. "I came up here to see my sister in the hospital and wanted to see the doctor, but it was clinic day and he was too busy. I thought I'd get to see him now without waiting."

Once again, if there were only the human element, both upstairs and down, to be considered, the life of the night nurse would be fairly uncomplicated. But there are still the nether regions. To a middle class girl growing up in town or city, a furnace is a big black thing in the cellar with which her father has occasional dealings. To the night nurse at Hyden Hospital, however, the furnace becomes a very real entity to be reckoned with, not only figuratively but literally, for on her depends the temperature of the whole hospital and nurses' quarters during the long winter nights (and winter, as gauged by the use of the furnace, lasts at least seven months, even in Kentucky). The furnace at times seems to take on almost human characteristics as it teases, sulks, and threatens. There is a real art to keeping a good furnace fire but, even when one has mastered all the rules and followed them meticulously, results are not uniform and predictable. More than once, after coaxing and tending a nearly dead fire, I have been embarrassed to have the radiator

pipes all over the house suddenly begin to thump at 2 a.m. and to hear various members of the staff get up to throw off more bedding and throw open more windows.

Besides the patients and the furnace, there is the animal world, not always asleep at night. An occasional bat gets in and of course startles the patients. Once I found a bat swooping over some of the babies, asleep in the operating room. I felt just as timid as anyone but, for the sake of the mothers, I had to assume a courage I was far from feeling. I got the bat in a sheet and walked to the back porch to release it. Nothing happened—till I went back to the ward again, where I had inadvertently dropped the bat on the way out. I went through the same process again and this time finally ended the bat with a broom.

In the summer the cows are left out. Our cows, unusually smart ones, are sometimes able to open the gate that leads from the pasture onto the road. The tinkle of a cow bell under the hospital windows is an ominous sound, for it means that a cow is headed toward the bright lights of Hyden. The night nurse must run after her and coax or force her back. Once it was a less slow and cumbersome a creature than a cow that I heard outside the hospital. I ran downstairs, just in time to see a mule disappearing beyond the little stone house. "Our Tenacity, of course," I muttered with a sigh, and prepared to give pursuit. The mule let me get quite close and then always shied away. The chase went on till we were several rods from the hospital and I had to admit myself beaten. Sorrowfully I reported to the superintendent that Tenacity was gone. "Oh," she said, turning over sleepily, "that's not our mule at all, just a neighbor one that likes to come visiting."

When a stray cat wanders into the hospital and gets into a fight with our cat, then the fun begins. The sound is weird and unearthly, even more so than most sounds are at night.

Whisking around the wards, comforting crying babies, giving an extra blanket to a patient, carrying healing penicillin shots, visiting the furnace, taking care of the clinic emergencies—that is the way the night goes. Till about four o'clock, that is, the blissful hour when it is almost time to wake the patients for temperatures, baths, babies and breakfast. The world, and especially Hyden Hospital, seems a different place when the

patients wake up and the maids begin to stir upstairs. The time after 4 a.m. scarcely seems like work at all because it is so wonderful to have company and to know that daylight is on the way. The trees and hills begin to take shape and the road appears beneath the hospital windows. As for the sunrise, no words can describe the breath-taking beauty of that sight, as brilliant crimson streaks pierce the darkness of the east. Probably no one can really appreciate a sunrise except a person who has kept vigil all through the night.

My night life? I really like it, not because I have a predilection for a path illumined only by the feeble glow of a flashlight, but because Hyden nights are replete with adventure, interest, variety and opportunity.

JUST JOKES—POULTRY

City visitor: "Which is correct: 'a hen is sitting,' or 'a hen is setting'?"

Farmer: "I don't know and I don't care. All I bother about is when she cackles, is she laying or is she lying?"

. . . .

The elderly treasurer of a local ladies' aid society was in the bank to deposit the organization's funds. She handed the money over to a hard-of-hearing teller with the casual remark that it was the "aid money."

The teller thought she said "egg money" and he promptly wanted to compliment her on the organization's endeavor.

"Remarkable," he said, "isn't it, how well the old hens are doing these days."

The lady left with a frown.

"FITS"

by

LOUISA B. CHAPMAN, B.A., R.N.
(Certified Midwife)

Jessie Preston Draper Memorial
Nursing Center at Beech Fork

"Chappy, Sally is having fits!"

Thus Ruth abruptly awakened me one chilly morning before daylight. With a leap I was out of bed and throwing on my clothes. This was no time for a gradual awakening. It meant instant action and quick thinking, for every second lost would give Sally less chance for recovery. No need for asking,

"Ruth, will you go with me?" for she was already half dressed.

Sally was seventeen, and pregnant with her first child. Our instructions on rest and diet had seemed like nonsense to her, for, as she reasoned, other women had babies without staying in bed before their time came, and so might she. Now, one of obstetrics' most serious and dreaded complications, eclampsia, was occurring.

In record time we were ready and running for the jeep, so thankful that Sally was living on the highway and not an hour or two horseback trip away from us. We blessed Jennie, the jeep, for a quick start and took slight heed of holes and bumps in the road on the way. We parked by the river and waded across to the house on the other side. The river was low at the ford, but one of my boots slipped into a hole and came up soaked. It was nearly an hour before I thought of it again.

Sally's condition was as critical as we had anticipated. As we hurried up the steps, she was seized with another violent convulsion. While Ruth stayed with her, to keep her from injury, I fixed and gave the injections which our Routine required. In an emergency such as this your first thought is always of one thing—the Medical Routine book. In it you will find an outline of an approved treatment which you may follow, according to what the situation demands. It has laughingly been called our "Bible." To us that morning it was nothing less.

The room was cleared of curious children and darkened; the

foot of Sally's bed was elevated in shock position, and medical treatment instituted, all in a very few minutes. It was difficult to keep our voices steady and not show the concern which we felt before the frightened family.

Ten minutes later another severe convulsion seized Sally. We had composed a hurried letter to Dr. Barney and sent the father-in-law on his way to Hyden with it, but it would take at least an hour and a half for him to return with Dr. Barney or a message. We had had no telephone connections with Hyden since the flood in June, and the only way to get word to the doctor was to make the fourteen-mile trip there and back. Meanwhile, we watched and waited, and offered a good many silent prayers that help would come in time.

Twenty minutes later Sally was writhing in another convulsion, much milder than the others. This was encouraging for it meant that our injections were taking effect. Soon after that Sally's breathing indicated that she was sleeping and no longer in a coma.

Almost two hours elapsed before the father-in-law returned. Meanwhile we were fed a delicious breakfast of hot biscuits, gravy, fried apples, peaches and coffee. We had many misgivings when we saw our messenger crossing the river with a letter in his hand. We met him at the top of the steps to learn that the doctor was away. We tore open the letter and our hands trembled as we read a note from Eva. Dr. Barney was at Confluence, called there to see a critically ill patient, but they were sending someone for him immediately. We were to bring the patient in to Hyden Hospital as quickly as possible.

By this time the man and truck which had taken our messenger to Hyden had gone on to work. So the father-in-law started out to find another truck which could be used to move Sally. We prepared her for the trip. We found a pair of bed springs which would fit on the truck bed and a mattress on which she could lie. An hour passed, and then another, before our messenger returned. The sedatives were wearing off, and Sally was getting restless again. We gave her more sedation. Then, with as little confusion and noise as possible, six men carried her, mattress and all, to the springs on the truck bed.

Our trip to Hyden began. Ruth was on one side of Sally,

and I was on the other. She was aware of the trip, and kept asking about its progress. To us it seemed endless. When we had gone about half the way, Ruth and I suddenly became conscious of a horn tooting behind us. We looked up just in time to see Dr. Barney passing us in his jeep. He had gotten back to Hyden and started out to see what had delayed us, but turned around when he met us with the patient.

We arrived at the Hospital, and thankfully turned the case over to Dr. Barney. The story had a happy ending. Sally had no more convulsions. The next day she gave birth to a beautiful baby girl. She gradually improved, and in two weeks was able to return home to be cared for on the district.

Ruth and I agreed that it had been a good experience for us, but not one that we wanted again in a long, long time.

DID YOU KNOW?

Nearly a fourth of the population of the South last year were single persons, and there were a million more unmarried men than women, the Bureau of the Census reports.

More than a fourth of the women of the South were working last year, according to a Bureau of the Census report just issued.

—*The Southern Packet*
November 1948

What in heaven's name has happened to the 1,000,000 bachelors!

Twenty Years Ago — 1928
A FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE

by

MARY BRECKINRIDGE, R.N.
(Certified Midwife)

Director, Frontier Nursing Service,
Wendover, Ky.

Abridged reprint from The American Journal
of Obstetrics and Gynecology
June 1928

A movement is of just as much value as the goal it sets itself and the success with which its activities tend to reach that goal. The purpose of the Frontier Nursing Service is to reduce the maternal and infant death rate in remote areas by providing resident nurse-midwives, trained and licensed as nurses and as midwives by civilization's centers for work in its outposts, in coöperation with the nearest available medical supply. Why is such a plan desirable? How is it made practical?

We must start off with a bit of history. Our association under its original name of Kentucky Committee for Mothers and Babies, Inc., began its work in the Kentucky mountains; first, because those of us who conceived the project and were willing to give time and money to launch it were Kentuckians, and second, because few mountains are more inaccessible than ours. We felt that if we could put the project over in the Kentucky mountains it would be feasible to duplicate it afterwards anywhere. The third reason for our choice lay in Doctor Arthur MacCormack—a State Board of Health officer of such broad understanding that a new venture for the public good in Kentucky met at once with his sympathetic and cordial coöperation.

Lastly, we considered the quality of the people, shut off for over a century from the advance of medical science by their towering hills. The Kentucky mountaineer has been faithfully portrayed in the stories of John Fox, Jr., and Lucy Furman, and the reports of the famous Berea, Hindman and Pine Mountain Schools. The old American stock which explored and established this country is still gloriously well worth while.

As we made ready to begin we realized fully, at the outset, the vastness of our undertaking. The Appalachian Mountain

range covers 115,000 square miles and holds about 6,000,000 people of whom something over 200,000 are in the Kentucky mountains alone. Except in its few towns, and at an occasional school, or mission station, the medical and nursing service for this population is negligible. No figures are obtainable, but in the area where we began there was not one registered physician for nearly 15,000 people in over fully 700 square miles. It took the nearest doctor six to twenty hours to reach a patient, on horseback, at, necessarily, a fee prohibitive for any but a few families. In America today people are penalized by geographic remoteness. This is all the more deplorable as most of the twenty-odd million Americans living in the frontier sections are (like the Kentuckians) of old pioneer stock, and are practically the only self-sustaining people in our national life. But we have left their women and children at the mercy of distance and medieval practices. This is certainly an outstanding factor in our high maternal death rate which would be higher, not lower, could we get at all the facts. This is the condition our organization seeks to ameliorate by an adaptation of methods which have proved successful in other countries with a lower maternal death rate than our own.

Before the actual beginning we took two steps we considered fundamental.

First, we checked up on the obstetric situation in a mountain area of 1,000 square miles, with a population just under 30,000. This fell to my lot, and took over two months of horseback travel through three counties. In the preceding year 968 births had been reported from these counties, 824 of them by 128 midwives, and I found 20 other midwives who had not reported their deliveries. The mothers in this territory had used at least 157 attendants for their deliveries in one year. Our subsequent experience in the same rough country, without telephones, has taught us conclusively that a delivery service cannot be successfully handled under such conditions in more than a five-mile radius. It is difficult to get even five miles on horseback over rough trails and swollen streams on stormy winter nights with any speed.

The rule of our service is simple—if the “daddy” can come for us we can go with him. Once the patient is in labor and the

nurse-midwife has been called, she cannot leave her case. If complications supervene she has to send a man on a mule for a doctor. Sometimes we can get a doctor in a few hours. Sometimes the need has passed before he can possibly arrive. Last summer we sent to three counties and were three days getting a doctor for a case of placenta previa. Meanwhile we speialed the patient, and she would have died had we not done that. The doctor who came rode 33 miles on horseback at a stretch, with a fresh horse and sandwiches and a guide provided at our first center, spent the night with the patient, did a version, and saved her life. Then he rode the 33 miles back to his own practice the next day. It will be seen that our problem is not academic. We live with it and in it every day.

From the study of the existing obstetric situation we learned three things. First, that 30,000 people scattered over 1,000 square miles in rough country, have got to have a number of obstetric attendants, *decentralized*, living at regional intervals within reach of the patients, if the patients are to get any delivery service and any postpartum care whatever. Second, we found that the existing medical supply could not possibly handle these deliveries. The existing supply is not even adequate for consultation, nor always equipped to that end. Third, we learned by our study that it was useless to try to improve the quality of the native midwife. I had my investigation of 53 midwives tabulated. The average age was 60.3. That is not a teachable age. The native midwife does not begin to practice until she is over forty and has "raised" her family.

After this study we took our second fundamental step. We accepted the principle of the trained midwife as the right person to replace the untrained one, and began a long study of the methods and the results in those other nations who make use of her. This also fell to my lot and consumed the better part of a year, during which I took a midwife's training in London and qualified by examination under the English Central Midwives Board.

We early decided that the Anglo-Saxon plan of combining nursing and midwifery in country districts would fit better into our American tradition than the Continental system of specialization. It is economically feasible in remotely rural work not

to have two people covering the same ground for public health work and for midwifery. It also allows the nurse-midwife to fill her time profitably between cases, which sometimes fall far apart in sparsely settled areas.

It was in the Scottish Highlands that we found the plan for our local Kentucky formation. In 1924 I made a trip through this region, covering many of the stormy islands of the Outer Hebrides. For every 700 or so of the population I found a splendid resident nurse-midwife, living in the heart of her district, often with the thundering seas between her lonely island and the nearest medical man, with whom she communicated by telegraph, and operating under a local voluntary committee, composed of her own leading people. When we came at last, after this long preparation in the summer of 1925, to organize our Kentucky venture, we adapted the Scotch Highland system to our own situation.

Our method is one of *decentralization*. The nurse-midwives live in little houses in the heart of their districts of not more (sometimes less) than a five-mile radius, which is about 78 square miles. We have four of these centers to date, with money for a fifth to be opened this summer, and we cover about 250 square miles. All of our eight nurse-midwives got their midwifery in England, three at their own expense, one on our scholarship, and the rest are English.

Our work is carried forward on horseback. Each nurse has two pairs of saddlebags, one for general nursing and one for midwifery. The nurse-midwife resterilizes its contents and leaves it packed immediately after a case.

Our midwifery bags weigh 48 pounds packed (10 pounds more than the general nursing bags)—the weight evenly distributed to both sides of the horse. The midwifery equipment includes soap, scrubbing brush, gloves, thermometer, enema syringe, artery clamps, hypodermic set, scissors and cord ties, with more basins than would be needed in the city home, and a two-yard square of rubber sheeting. We carry plenty of dry sterile gauze, cotton and perineal pads in little white bags. For the bed after delivery, we use pads made of clean rags and newspaper, but these, like the baby clothes, are in the home before the call comes. Dr. MacCormack authorizes us to prac-

tice as nearly in accord with the rules of the C.M.B. as can be carried out in the mountains. Under this ruling we carry pituitrin, in case of postpartum hemorrhage, provided the third stage is complete—and sedatives for the first stage. Our aim is to get a quiet first stage, and a second stage without a tear by delivering between pains when the head is fully crowned. The third stage causes us the deepest anxiety, because upon our judgment alone hangs the life of the patient should the third stage not be normally complete, as medical aid could not possibly reach us until too late.

While nearly all of our cases have been normal, the following abnormal conditions appeared in the first 130 deliveries. It must be borne in mind that the 130 do not include all the cases we entered as prenatals, but only those we delivered ourselves or personally called in doctors for the delivery. Some of our prenatals still choose to be delivered by the native midwife—mostly their own grandmothers and great-aunts. Our policy is one of friendliness towards the “grannies.” We are oozing in, not bursting in, to replace them, and no new ones begin to practice once we are established in a district. We are letting nature take her time with the old.

We have had two hemorrhages from adherent placentas, and three antepartum hemorrhages from placenta previa—two central and one marginal. We had one eclamptic, the convulsions coming just after delivery. This case was beyond our district and registered late.

We have had one hand presentation at 26 weeks with spontaneous delivery, and one face presentation (an anencephalic monster). There have been several premature births and miscarriages. We have had second degree tears and eight cases with elevation of temperature above 100° , though none persisted. No case has been septic. None has needed forceps. None has died.

We gratefully acknowledge help from the medical profession whenever obtainable. The big metropolitan doctors among our trustees in Lexington and Louisville have cared for cases of all kinds (not only obstetrical and gynecological) sent down to them on passes given us by the Louisville and Nashville Railroad—and always involving at least a day's horseback ride and

a night on the train. The scattered doctors through the mountains from three counties come at once if they can be reached when we call.

Now as to the babies. We have had five stillbirths—the two cases of central placenta previa, the monster with the face presentation, a case following influenza, and the six months' fetus with the hand presentation. We have lost only one baby in the first month of life. In our baby hygiene nursing we have carried 471 infants under two years since our work began with one nurse at one center, two and a half years ago.

Our treatment of the newborn baby is to wipe his eyes once the head is born, and to clamp the cord. Baby is then wrapped in his blanket in such a way as to keep his hands out of his eyes, and handed to an old woman by the fire. When we can leave the mother we scrub up afresh to put the silver nitrate in baby's eyes and ligate the cord, applying a dry sterile dressing. If he weighs less than seven pounds we do not wash, but oil him. We encourage a separate crib for him, and now have a number of homemade screened cribs. We do everything humanly possible to foster breast feeding and are almost wholly successful. We give mother and baby ten days' postpartum care, every day if within a three-mile radius, every other day if within five (except at impossible seasons of ice and "tides").

Our prenatal work includes blood pressure observations, urinalysis, abdominal palpations, and pelvic measurements. We give attention to the breasts and advice about such food as is procurable. The prenatal and postpartum visits fit in with the general nursing routine and public health. At the request of the State Board of Health we give hookworm treatment, chlorinate wells, and inoculate against typhoid and diphtheria. We gave 6,360 inoculations in our first two years.

We follow the Scotch Highland custom of working through local committees of leading mountaineers who meet monthly at the centers to advise with the nurses. From them, from the Louisville and Lexington specialists who give services innumerable without charge, from the Children's Hospital in Louisville, which has taken many of our children, from the Kentucky Crippled Children's Commission, from the Louisville & Nashville Railroad giving passes to all indigent cases and their nurses,

from the U. S. Trachoma Hospital at Richmond, from many, many friends and contributors, we acknowledge assistance with grateful hearts. These friends and the devotion of the staff at all hours and in all weather have made the work possible.

We know we have only just begun in our attack on a problem where the totals are staggering. Our merit is to have made that beginning. In Kentucky we have a horse named Fair Play. In those who differ with our methods we invoke that spirit, asking them to remember, as William James reminds us, that it is by our fruits we are to be judged, and not our roots. The mothers we are helping have no other trained assistance near at hand. We are not substituting one method for another. They bear their babies on lonely gaps and creeks unattended but by neighbors. Small wonder we have lost more women in child-birth in America in our history than men in war.

FOOTNOTE

Written by Dr. George W. Kosmak, in the *American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology* of June, 1928.

The above is a faithful representation of a situation that is still largely unknown to most of our readers. A brave and courageous little band of women have attacked and are solving this problem to the best of their abilities and evidently with success. There are other localities in this country where similar conditions exist. Upon their amelioration by this or like methods will depend that lowering of the maternal mortality and morbidity rate of which these United States have been so severely criticized.

DEFINITIONS

'What is a weed?' 'A weed is any plant
Growing where somebody intends it shan't.'
'And what's a plant?' 'A plant is any weed
That grows where it may serve a human need.'
'Then what's a flower? That will tax your skill.'
'A flower is Beauty, grows it where it will.'

—Justin Richardson
The Countryman, England
Autumn, 1948

OLD COURIER NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
AGNES LEWIS

From Mrs. A. B. Grimaldi (Jo Brown), Devon, England

—September 7, 1948

I have been sitting for some time, pen in hand, wishing I were an artist potent enough to tell you how much I enjoyed knowing you all at Wendover. It was a new life and my memories of it are fresh and exhilarating like mountain breezes. I remember so well my introduction to it, that first glimpse of lamp-lit windows welcoming us through the snowdrifts one black winter night. It was too dark that night to see anything. We fell into piled snow and slipped and skidded. My companions were just voices. The handle broke off my suitcase and two loud and reassuring voices, called Betty and MacCracken, came to the rescue! It was rather fantastic, and fun! Not until we arrived and came blinking into the light did I first see the owners of the voices.

Time flies too quickly when life is so satisfying. Now it's all over and how I miss you all! I am back where I began, but richer by a thousand wonderful memories. Thank you so very much.

—October 1, 1948

Today, walking along the road, I met Penny's double. It must have been a relation I'm sure (are all dogs 13th cousins as they say humans are?). It set me to thinking, more than ever, about you and wishing there wasn't so much land and sea between us.

England is a strange country. In the first place, they drive on the wrong side of the road and they can't even understand English! Imagine not knowing what a "buck" is! Hit's a sight. They need to learn a thing or two!

How I miss Wendover and all of you and the horses! Jean tells me Rex is just as beautiful and intelligent(?) as ever. I don't quite understand what she means by the question mark! Bless his heart—he is so beautiful!

At the moment we are living in a Devon fishing village.

Our house is on the harbor. At night the lights are reflected in the water and during the day we can see the little white yachts at their moorings and waves breaking in the distance. In the mornings the sound of gulls is the alarm clock. Lovely!

From Craig Potter, Rochester, New York

—September 10, 1948

Perhaps it wasn't years ago that I was in Kentucky, but it really seems ages back. However, my appreciation continues to increase for it was a marvelous experience to be with the F.N.S.

As you know, I took many pictures while down there and am now surprised at the number which turned out successfully. There is one picture of Babbette, whose head is thrust from her window, ears up, eagerly anticipating the grass Sally Rice holds for her. I laugh to think I would return to see the horses as well as the people! I have shown the slides (about 100) to several gatherings, lecturing a little on F.N.S.—find a great deal of interest—enjoy telling people about the mountain people, how genuine and kind they are.

Fate seems to be anxious that I avoid obstetrics. I have been hanging around the hospital—watching several operations but never getting there in time for a delivery!

From Mrs. Joseph Frank Knowles (Margaret Noyes),

Wellesley, Massachusetts—September 13, 1948

Your letter, together with Marion Shouse Lewis' report, serves to keep me wonderfully in touch with you all. You are certainly immersed in new projects! F.N.S. continues to grow, expanding from within and unfolding like a healthy plant. It is good to hear about it.

Sally Morrison was here for lunch a month ago. She has three children. I am sad to say that her youngest daughter, Elizabeth, is ill with an obscure bone disease and will not recover. She is in a hospital here in Wellesley.

From Carmen Mumford, Cedarhurst, Long Island

—October 17, 1948

Pebble and the Bulletin arrived in my life together this

month, and it made me very F.N.S. conscious! How long it's been since I've been there! I continue to have a part proprietary feeling about the place.

After I stopped coming to the F.N.S. I took training as a social worker at the New York School, and emerged into a casework job in Pittsburgh, city of delightful people and undelightful smoke and fog. Then the war came along and I joined the Red Cross and got sent to Persia, then India, attached to hospital units supposedly as a medical social worker but my F.N.S. training stood me in good stead for flexibility and readiness to do anything. No horses, though!

Coming home and getting settled again seemed quite a chore. I went back to work as a caseworker in Montclair, New Jersey, but now hope to be about to come to roost in New York City, which is my old stamping ground.

From Alison Bray, Summit Point, West Virginia

—October 18, 1948

I can't believe that two weeks have passed since I left Wendover. I'm being entertained so much I find it difficult to get a minute for letters. I miss you all so much, in spite of all the fun I am having visiting my friends. I don't know how to thank you enough for having me over this year. I could never have managed without all your help and kindness. I meant so much to me to be with you all again after so long away and I simply loved every minute of my stay. The Social Service work was fascinating and such fun and I'm so grateful to you all for letting me do it. It's been the most wonderful summer and I can't possibly put into words what I feel.

I had a wonderful visit with the Caldwells and a very nice time at Evanston. While I was there I discovered that Wilmette was just close by so I called up Mrs. Wolf (Leo) and had lunch with her.

Here we are doing all kinds of things and I'm being thoroughly spoilt. Yesterday Aunt Dot's brother Jim and his wife took us for a glorious ride up on the Skyline Drive. The Breckinridge baby is the most adorable child you ever saw.

I hope to spend a few days with Fanny after leaving here, on my way to New York.

R. M. S. Mauretania, November 16, 1948.

We had an excellent journey up here and arrived in Halifax about 2:30 this afternoon. We came on board straight away and are due to sail at midnight.

You can imagine my feelings just now. I am looking forward to seeing the family, of course, but have such a deep longing to be back with you all in Kentucky and am very sad at leaving. The time has gone so quickly, and never before have seven months been such fun.

**From Mrs. Ronald S. Rowe (Barbara Jack), Denver,
Colorado—October 18, 1948**

I was happy to hear all the news of the nurses and others in the Service as told in the Bulletin.

Speaking of square dances, they have a lot of square dancing here. The men wear gay colored or embroidered shirts and cowboy boots and the girls swing in long skirts that show their ruffled pantaloons. I would like to join them but am saving it for my old age. The youngsters keep me home most of the time.

You ask if I am writing. I am doing some, am mostly interested in doing stories about horses.

Nelson Jack, whom we call "Jackie", is not very little any more. He is a tall boy and is going into the "goon" stage as he is almost six. His little brother, not yet two, is at the cute stage. We don't have pre-school in this district which means that Jackie does not go to school until next year.

The mountains in Kentucky must be beautiful with color now. Our Rocky Mountains have been so glowing with the brilliant yellow of the aspens.

From Adele Dellenbaugh, Rochester, New York—

October 18, 1948

It's been a long time since I have written you. It doesn't mean I've forgotten by any means.

I am now in my first year at the Rochester School of Medicine. This place is really wonderful, and I can hardly believe that the degree of M.D. is only three more years after this one. Having made the decision at the age of ten, three or four years

now seems like nothing. It is all so fascinating. It is a whole new field of learning that I never knew existed before and I love it. We have wonderful instructors, a wonderful class, and we work in a unique spirit of informality and coöperation with a common goal—to become doctors.

From Celia Coit, Santa Barbara, California—October 25, 1948

I had a lovely summer at Green Lake. It was mostly family but there was sailing, a building project, trips in town and considerable fun. Also this spring after I left the Hospital in Chicago, I took off for three weeks in New York.

Toward the end of September, we had word that my brother-in-law, who was with the Santa Barbara Clinic, had contracted polio and died in two days. I drove out and have been here a little over two weeks with my sister, Betty. I will stay as long as Betty wants me here.

When I was in Boston I hoped to see Fifi and Barnsey but I only had time to chat with Barnsey on the 'phone. I did see Blair and she looked so much better than during that stiff Grace Hospital course.

I miss you all, of course. I can't think what changes electrification will make, but am glad for you.

**From Mrs. John Martin Eddison (Becky Crane) Woodbury,
Connecticut—October 25, 1948**

My time at Wendover is still outstanding in my mind as one of the best periods of my life. I was always sorry that I only had the chance to go once. My oldest daughter, Alice, is a very keen horsewoman already, and I hope that when the time comes she will be accepted as a courier. My middle daughter is also a horse enthusiast, though not as good a rider as Alice. Maybe one day I will have two courier daughters, I hope so. They are only ten and eleven now! Susan, my youngest, is just six, and has much charm. Her ability as a worker is yet to be determined, however.

We love this place with all our hearts. We were very lucky indeed to find this house. It is an old one (1784) but the former owner had kept it in very good shape, and made many modern

improvements. In fact, I can simply say that all is very well indeed with us.

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**From Mrs. Louis Charles Vaczek (Katherine Pfeiffer),
New York, New York—October 26, 1948**

I can hardly believe it, but tomorrow I sail for Le Havre—my first trip abroad. And to make the adventure far more exciting, I shall be joining Louis after a six-months separation. He joined the American Friends Service Committee last May and has been doing rehabilitation work near Warsaw since then. It has been a long interval without him but affiliation with the Friends has been a great privilege and we have felt these months to be very worthwhile. Louis has been with a transport team helping to rebuild houses and has written a great deal about the conditions there. It's very depressing to hear of such deprivations, but the spirit of growth and rehabilitation is amazing and wonderful.

I plan to join Louis in Paris; or rather, he will come there about the end of November and we hope to be able to work and study there for awhile. It all seems like a dream to me.

We have met many interesting and fine people through the committee—among them Peggy Harrison—who was once a courier at Wendover. She has been in a town not far from Louis, and was back in the States for awhile this summer. We had lunch together twice and reminisced about the F.N.S. at great length.

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From Doris Sinclair, New York, New York—

November 10, 1948

I am now heading in the direction of Public Health nursing, and plan to take some courses in that field, starting in February, if I can get accepted in one of the schools here in New York.

My roommate and I are planning to go to Sweden next summer, if we can get passage over. My brother is over in Paris now studying, having won the Paris prize in architecture last year, so we plan to join him and all take a trip up to Sweden some time in June. It all sounds very exciting, and I hope it comes off.

From Mrs. Walter B. McIlvain (Fanny's Mother) Downingtown, Pennsylvania—November 19, 1948

Fan has six nice fat puppies: three of each sex. You will be amused when I tell you of their arrival. Fan and I went to the Philadelphia Dog Show last Saturday where her dog did very well in his Obedience classes. I came home in the afternoon and told Fan that I would look at Jill as her puppies were due. She seemed fine and I brought her into the house for a little while. I was tired so I took a bath and then a rest. She was by my bed. When I got up at six I turned on the light, and to my horror, I saw that she was having a puppy practically in my slipper. As soon as I could I wrapped up the puppy and dashed out to her kennel. She got there in time to have the others and I was much relieved, I assure you. Fan had big news when she got home at ten.

We have just learned that **Alice Pitcher Dibble (Pitch)** and her husband have gone to Sweden. Mr. Dibble has a fellowship with the Scandinavian-American Foundation for a year's study.

WEDDINGS

Miss Shirley Ann Young, of Grosse Pointe, Michigan, and Mr. Howard Hall Robinson, Jr., of Berkley, Michigan, on November 27, 1948.

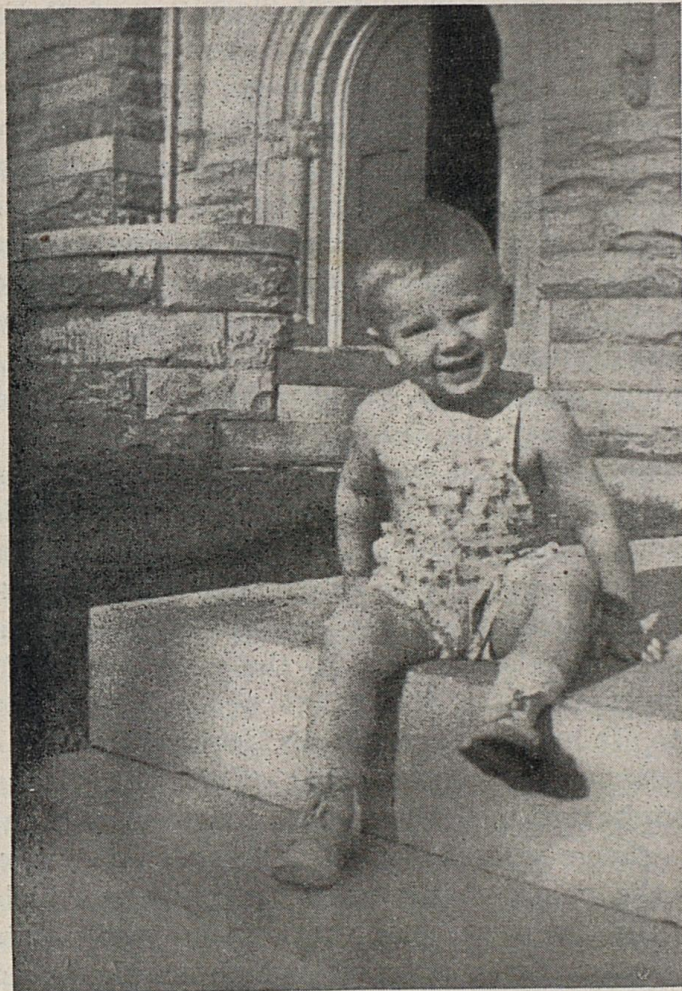
We send our affectionate regards to this charming bride; and we wish for her and lucky Mr. Robinson, the deepest happiness.

BABIES

Born to Lt. and Mrs. Walter Graham Ellis (Pamela Dunn), a son, in a military Hospital at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, on September 12, 1948. We in the F.N.S. have a special interest in this wee one. His mother is an old courier and his great-aunt is our beloved Director. We anxiously awaited news. When the telegram finally came it was so garbled that we couldn't make out whether it was a boy or a girl, or twins. Days later we welcomed with utter joy Pam's card saying: "His name is Breckinridge Ellis and we are both wonderful."

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gray Potter, Jr. (Edo Welch) of Edgarton, Massachusetts, a girl, Priscilla, on October 7, 1948. Her mother writes:

"Here's a new courier for the F.N.S. for the summer of 1967. I certainly hope that she will be a courier, for I know it was the best experience in the world for me."



BILL GAY AT TWO YEARS

Son of Mr. and Mrs. Greeley Gay. Mrs. Gay was our nurse, Gladys Moberg.

THE CHANGING FACE OF BRITISH VOLUNTARY HOSPITALS

St. Bartholomew's, London
1948

Nineteen-forty-eight—an epoch-making year in the history of our Hospital: one might say there have been only two others of equal importance in the whole of its eight hundred and twenty-five years of service.

The first—1123—the year of its foundation as part of a monastic community under the inspiration of Rahere. Four hundred years this religious influence lasted—actually until the second momentous year of 1546—when after the dissolution of the monasteries by order of King Henry VIII a new regime had to be built up. In common with all other religious houses in the country the king confiscated the wealth and possessions of that of St. Bartholomew's at Smithfield, regardless of its value as a shelter to the sick and infirm of the city. It was by the influence of the wealthy Guilds of the City of London that a new Royal Charter was granted, and the Hospital was enabled, with the help of the charitable and well-disposed public, to continue to function, developing into the structure as we have known it, and thus originating the voluntary system of support of hospitals which ended in July last—four hundred years later.

Surviving the dangers of the Second Great War, bomb-scarred but undaunted, St. Bartholomew's reaches 1948 to encounter a shattering earthquake—not to its material foundations, but, far more important, to the very centre of its traditions and customs. Alas! the control of the Hospital has passed to the State. It has apparently been decreed that the voluntary system of support of hospitals has outlived its usefulness and that this haphazard method must be replaced by a uniform and organised scheme shared by all. One cannot but regret the passing of the phase of individual benefactions which make so interesting the records of our own hospital, and no state power can annul the traditions of service which are the proud heritage of all Bart's men and women.

Rahere—court jester and monk; Henry VIII—profligate king and founder of Protestantism in England; Aneurin Bevan—

coalminer and Socialist! Could a stranger trio have been selected to be the mainsprings of development of this microcosm of English history which is Barts! Monasticism—Protestantism—Socialism! Ideologies all! But the spirit which has activated the work in our hospital through the centuries is deeper and will outlast all of them. Who can prophesy as to the future, but in the soil enriched by the charity and unselfishness of past generations of devoted supporters of this ancient institution, the present will plant, with faith, the seeds of service and well-doing for those who come after.

M. E. HITCH (Retired Sister Tutor)

DINNER IN THE GREAT HALL

On Thursday, July 1st, 1948, the Treasurer and Governors requested the company of Matron, the Assistant Matrons, Heads of Departments and the Sisters, together with the Medical and Surgical Staff to dinner in the great Hall, to mark the close of another phase in the long history of the hospital. . . .

The grandeur of the Great Hall certainly lent itself to such an occasion, with the portraits of former Bart's men all around, and great foresight had been used in placing everyone next or near to those they would have chosen themselves, so there was no "ice to break." The sadness of the occasion was counteracted by the extremely good dinner, and the pleasure of all meeting together to celebrate what Barts had always stood for, and to pledge ourselves that it shall always remain so.

The Treasurer proposed the King, and afterwards went on to pay tribute to the past:—"We at St. Bartholomew's are about to close the last chapter in the long and glorious history of the most ancient of voluntary hospitals. That a second book will be written, and that it will be studded with famous names and tell, as in the past, of notable achievements in the service of humanity, is poor consolation to those who have cherished the voluntary spirit of mutual helpfulness for which Barts has been renowned since its foundations." He said he had realised about 18 months ago that the voluntary hospitals would have to be assisted by the State if they were to carry on, and in the meanwhile he had done all he could to soften the blow. The act as it came onto

the Statute Books was very different from the original suggested—being far less harsh.

Sir George then paid generous tribute to Matron for her untiring energy and efforts to procure the best possible conditions for the patients and the nursing staff over so many years (amid great applause), also to the Medical Staff, the Clerk to the Governors, and Heads of Departments.

The Clerk to the Governors replied, and thanked the Treasurer for all his efforts for the well being of the voluntary hospitals, as it was largely due to his perspicacity that we should be able to retain our endowment funds, also that we shall still have some of our Governors and members of the Visiting Staff on the new Court of Governors.

Dr. Geoffrey Bourne (Senior Physician) said that the Treasurer could continue to count on the coöperation of the Medical Staff, whose allegiance was firstly to their patients, secondly to scientific truth, and thirdly to the hospital. They would not be swayed by political considerations, especially when they ran counter to their ideals.

Mr. Hume (Senior Surgeon) closed the speeches delightfully by asking everyone to be upstanding with him and drink to the health of the Treasurer.

N. GEORGE DAVIES (Ward Sister)

From *The League News* of St. Bartholomew's Hospital Nurses.
September 1948.

JUST JOKES—JOBS

Employer (to applicant for job as department store Santa Claus)—“I see you have references from two ministers. We don't work on Sundays. Haven't you a reference from someone who sees you on week days?”

. . . .

Foreman—“Now, then, hurry up!”

Worker—“All right, boss. But Rome wasn't built in a day.”

Foreman—“Maybe not. But I wasn't foreman on that job.”

PHANTOM BENEFIT

On October 25, 1948, the Louisville Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service, of which Mrs. Morris B. Belknap is Chairman, asked the interest and support of the citizens of Louisville "in a novel experiment for its Annual Benefit." The Committee sent through the mails an attractive leaflet, illustrated by a picture of a nurse and a jeep, and a nurse and a horse. The leaflet runs as follows:

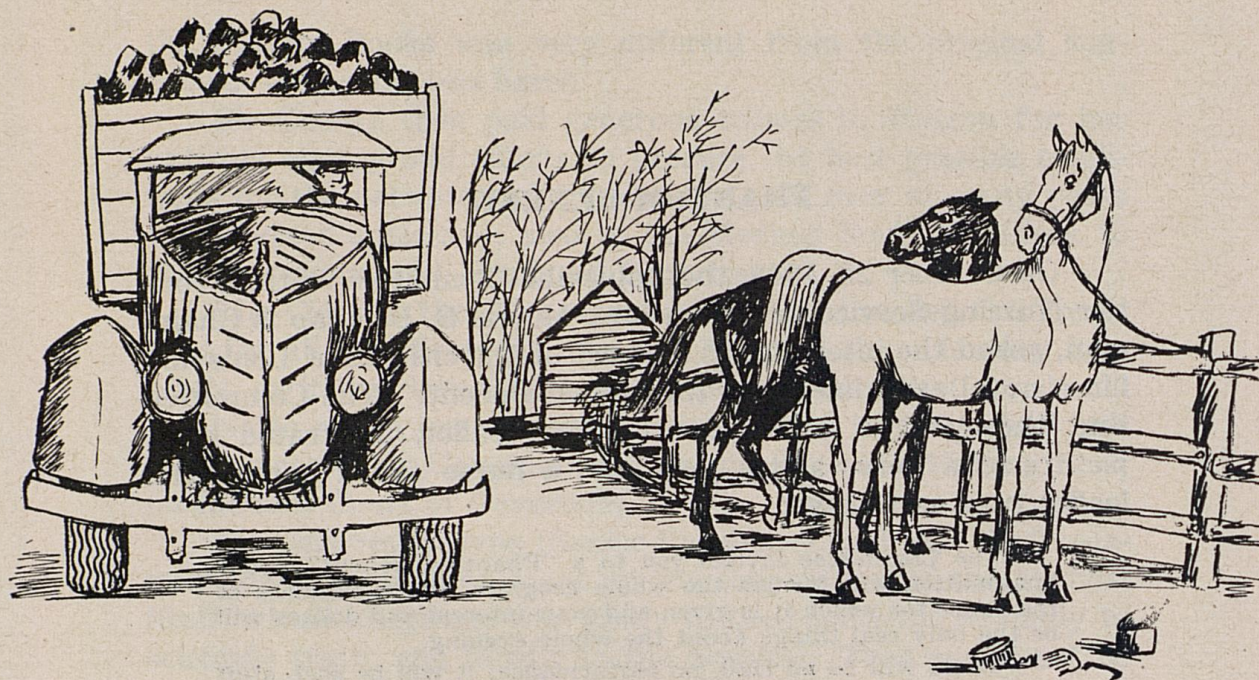
The Committee invites you to a "Phantom Benefit": your imagination will furnish the whole program, the worthiness of the cause for which it is given and your interest and dollars will be the only real things about the whole evening.

There will be no Hall, no performance; it will be such stuff as dreams are made of. Thus the whole proceeds will go to the splendid organization that has been called "the most constructive piece of nursing work in this country," the Frontier Nursing Service at Wendover, Leslie County, Kentucky.

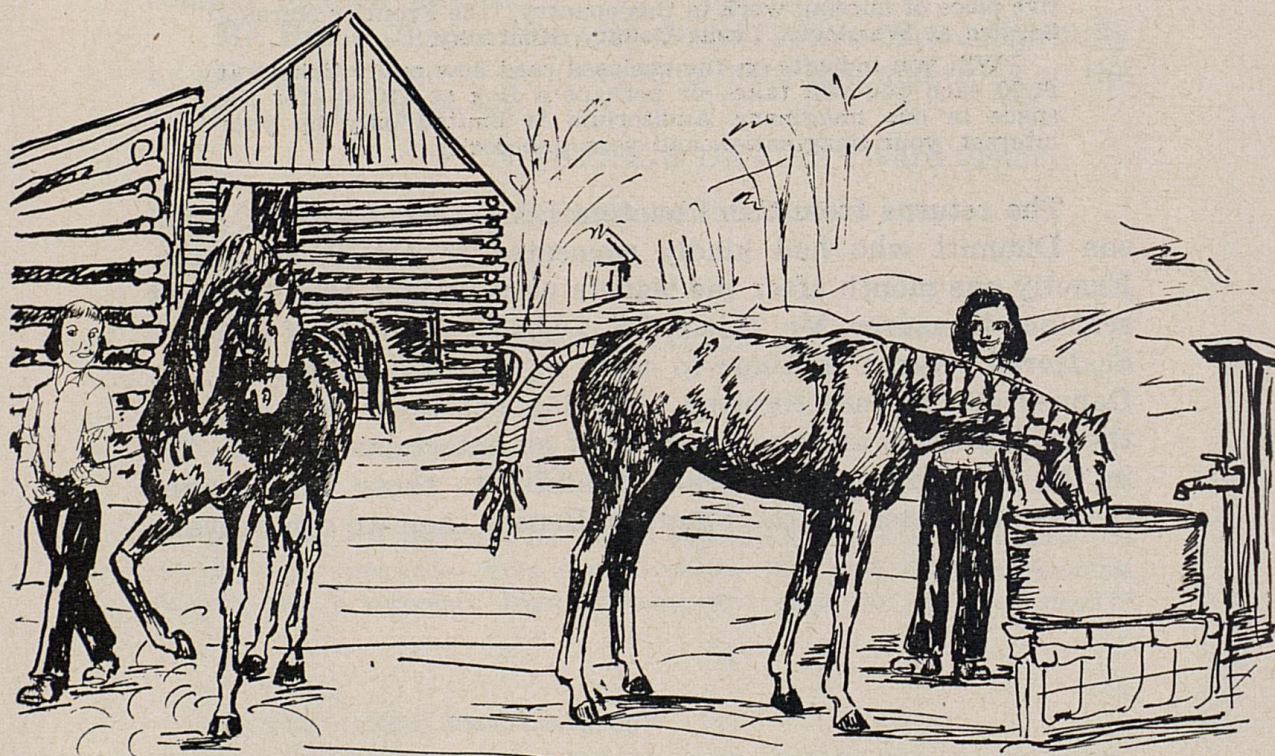
Will you indicate on the enclosed card how many tickets at \$1.00 each you will take—or perhaps a Box at \$10.00—for the space in our imaginary Auditorium is limited only by your interest, your imagination and your generosity.

The returns from this Phantom Benefit went to Mrs. Addison Dimmitt who had kindly consented to act as treasurer. Exactly one month after the leaflets were mailed, Mrs. Dimmitt sent our treasurer, Mr. Edward S. Dabney, the sum of \$963.75. Scattered returns continue to come in, and will be sent to Mr. Dabney as they are received. Nothing has to be deducted for the rent of halls and the payment of an entertainment tax. We in the field of work are more grateful to those who bought tickets and boxes for the Phantom Benefit than we can express.

DAY BEFORE THE FAIR — Drawn by Ellen Mary Hare, Courier from Radnor, Pa.



"We were annoyed all day by trucks going in and out."



"Pinafore nearly had a fit when she saw Rex's mane."

HORSE HI-JINKS AT THE HYDEN FAIR

by

SUSAN SPENCER

Courier from Barrington, Illinois

Yes, Saturday, October second, certainly was a big day for us horses. Of course, we had been looking forward to the fair all week and discussing it after dark when there were no couriers about to hear. Who was more excited, we horses or our riders—it was hard to tell.

Preparations went on around the Wendover barn all day Friday. We stood along the rail fence with jeeps and the truck nipping our heels as they went past. It was enough to rattle our nerves permanently. Rex was the talk of the stable for his mistress, Stevie, the Wendover nurse, plaited his tail and mane to enhance his appearance. Pinafore was so fascinated we thought she would never stop staring and tear herself away. In all the excitement Jeff ate a watch crystal, and Rex tried to swallow the sword-sized darning needle. By the time everyone at Wendover had looked us over and the couriers had left to make tea, we were glad to be taken off display and allowed to retire.

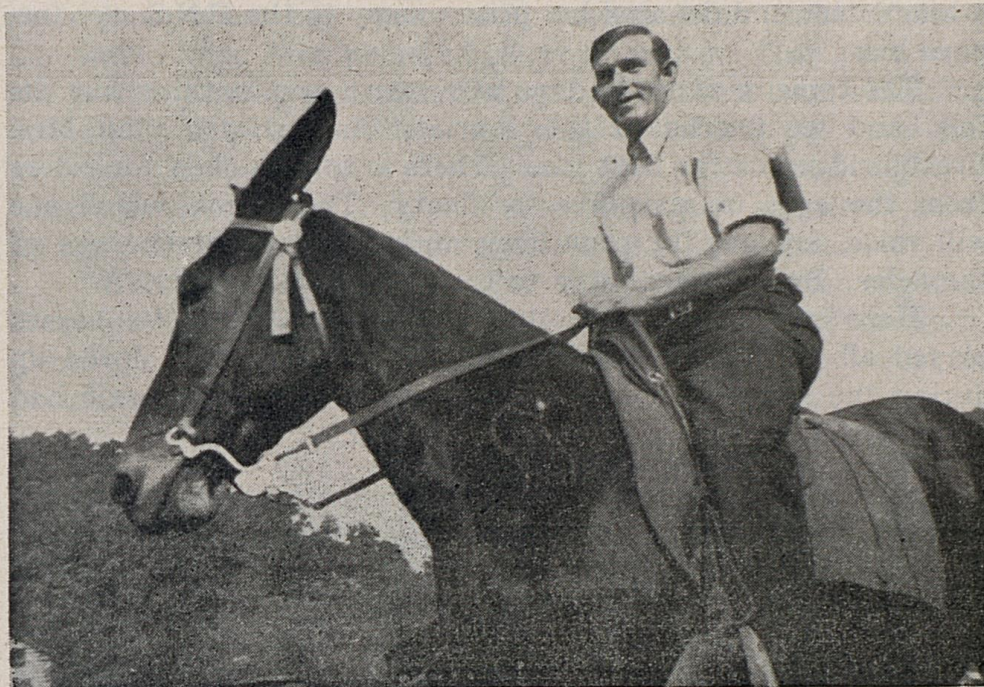
Daylight came at last on Saturday and found us ready to head for Hyden. But the last speck of dust had to be removed from our coats—even Tenacity, the mule, was denied her morning roll, though we heard some fear expressed that she might take it anyway, saddle and all. Finally our riders assembled at the barn; and without ceremony we set off for Hyden. The only able-bodied horse left behind was poor Pinafore who would have to take Brownie on a delivery if it came. What a procession we made! Babbette led off because of her experience in such matters, carrying Alison Bray, the courier and Social Service Secretary. Not too far behind trudged our long-eared relation, Tenacity, transporting Cecilia Lucas, the Wendover postmistress, and saddlebags with sandwiches. The two junior couriers on their favorite horses, Maud and Pixie, were followed by the nurses, Stevie and Lydia on Rex and Robin. Lydia

and Robin had come from Beech Fork Nursing Center to join us. Our pilgrimage was unexciting except for the whistle at the Ritter Lumber Company. Our faithless riders expected it would start us all back home, but we fooled them by taking it most calmly. The fairground, the schoolground, really was even more exciting, fairly making us horses dance. There were horse trailers all around the outside edge and horses of all descriptions cantering in the ring. Spectators sat on piles of lumber or just stood about discussing the entries as they came in.

Soon Jeff, Camp, Commando, Peru, Bessie and Barney, who had been at the Hospital all morning, appeared. The resident courier, Jean Hollins, had helped the nurse-midwives shine them up for the show. When our riders got their cardboard numbers, we knew we must settle down to business. A voice boomed out announcing the open "walking horse" class, which really more closely resembled a stampede. Looking around, all you could see was dust with horses tearing through it. In the Leslie County "walking horse" class, which all of us entered, we did not have to compete with stylish horses from other counties and so we felt at home. No one was surprised when the blue ribbon went to Robin for his running walk. When it came to the Leslie County five-gaited class it looked almost like an F.N.S. show. We are all of us "walking" horses, accustomed only to the running walk, but we tried to look awfully sure of the trot and the rack as we went by the judges. Robin again performed so magnificently that he and Lydia captured another blue. The last class we entered was for the best woman rider, in which Maxine Thornton took second and "Buckey" Buchanan took third.

Tenacity, ridden by Alonzo Howard, our Hyden Hospital head man, was the smartest looking animal there. She was the second best saddle mule; but, according to all who believe in her, would have been first except for a delay in the class assembling, and her punctuality giving her time to fall into a state of drowsiness she couldn't shake off. However, without her, Wendover would have been shamefully lacking in a ribbon to decorate the tack room because Lydia and Robin are stationed at Beech Fork Nursing Center.

While we stood on the sidelines and our riders happily munched the sandwiches, which they had brought in saddlebags,



Tenacity and Alonzo

Lydia and Robin performed. They entered the championship three-gaited class for which their blue ribbons made them eligible. On one wild round of the ring Robin was holding his nose so high in the air that he overlooked a pile of lumber and scattered spectators to right and left before he slid to a stop inches away. Undaunted, they went on to add another ribbon to their bridle—this time third prize.

By three o'clock the show was over, but the fun was just beginning. Barney, who had been tied to the microphone while Buckey went to collect her prize money, successfully tried to move his hitching post. Then Rex, the sly one, nipped a few apples from a truck while Stevie was inquiring their price. Robin thought it such a good idea that before Lydia could stop laughing at Rex he, too, had taken his reward in apples.

We horses couldn't wait to get back to Wendover and supper though it was sad leaving our friends from the Hospital for another year. Robin stayed overnight with us, and we were all a bit jealous of the attention he received from the couriers. But later, when we found out that he had written Mrs. Breckinridge

a long letter and donated his prize money to the F.N.S., we forgave him.

The topic of talk for days afterwards was nothing but the fair, and we overheard the couriers discussing a plan Mrs. Breckinridge has for next year. There is to be a class for riders from the ages of sixty-five to ninety. The prizes, which she will raise, are not for proficiency in riding but for the age of the rider. In her words it is to honor "agile longevity."

Here ends my tale of the Hyden fair, 1948. We horses played all our tricks and used all the extra energy stored up during the summer. None of the forty horses at the fair had as much fun as we. May we go next year?



Robin and Lydia

ROBIN'S LETTER

"Beech Fork, Ky.

"October 14th, 1948

"Dear Mrs. Breckinridge,

"I sure am proud to be sending you the cheque which I won at the fair. Hit was a great day for me and I wish you

could have been thar—you would have been so proud of me—you would have been proud of all your horses. They sure were the prettiest sight, yea man; and we had the best time a running round that thar field. When the judge called out my name and gave me the blue ribbon I was so tickled—hit was a sight. I wasn't mean a bit, no ma'am. I behaved so good and never acted up anyways feisty—just done as I was told, I reckon.

“Well I sure do thank ye for letting me take the night at Wendover and I wouldn't care for to do the same all over again. Come up sometime and stay all day with me. We would be proud to have you.

“Your Robin.”

A LETTER TO MISS DOROTHY F. BUCK

Big Creek, Ky.
Nov. 28th, 1948

Dear Miss Buck,

As you probably know we had our yearly committee meeting a couple of weeks ago, and it is always such a pleasure to have Mrs. Breckinridge come to us.

As we came from the Center we all found ourselves talking of the old days when the F.N.S. first came to us, and of how much love and service you have given to us. So we decided we wanted you to know how much we appreciate all you have done for us during these years. We remember the times when you had to travel the hard way on horseback, and we know that was only one of the difficult things you did for us.

So our love and prayers are always with you, and if there is anything we can do for you, please let us know.

Lovingly,

(Signed)

G. BOWLING

Mrs. Floyd Bowling, Sec'y

Red Bird Local Committee of the
Frontier Nursing Service

In Memoriam

DAME ROSALIND PAGET, D.B.E., A.R.R.C.

Died at Colwood Park, Bolney, Sussex, England, August 19, 1948

COLONEL JULIA CATHERINE STIMSON, R.N., M.A.

Died at Poughkeepsie, New York, September 30, 1948

MISS MARY ADELAIDE NUTTING, R.N., M.A.

Died in New York, October 3, 1948

Levers nudge the aching wrist;

"You are free

Not to be,

Why exist?"

Wheels a thousand times a minute

Mutter, stutter,

"End the self you cannot mend,

Did you, friend, begin it?"

And the streets

Sniff at our defeats.

Then who is the Unknown

Who answers for our fear

As if it were His own

So that we reply

Till the day we die:

"No, I don't know why,

But I'm glad I'm here."

—*For the Time Being*, A Christmas Oratorio,
by Mr. W. H. Auden

It is probably only those whose lives have reached a fine achievement who have plumbed the depths of fear, futility, and failure. One can almost say that the conquering of these things is the measure of their creative triumph. No appraisal can be made of their success which does not recognize that Apollyon must have been overcome, not once but many times, in hearts as gallant as theirs. Customarily, at the end of an honored life, the achievements are listed but how many take account of the awful dreads and defeats through which an achiever moved toward his goal?

We present brief sketches of three of the world's great nurses who were our friends, but we beg our readers to imagine the quality of those hearts who never faltered, who never fell, under the reeling blows from without and from within—the reeling blows with which life hammers her choicest children.

DAME ROSALIND PAGET

Lying before me as I write, is a post card of "Sairey Gamp,

A Nurse of Sixty Years Ago," that came to me one day from Rosalind Paget with the following inscription:

To my dear friend—with much love—Greetings to you all—
I am going to write you a long letter when I can snatch a minute—but I am working nearly round the clock just now and I am 80!

Dame Rosalind was more responsible than any other one person, after Florence Nightingale herself, for lifting the nursing profession from the Sairey Gamp level to its present honored position. She was born during the Crimean War. "At the age of twenty she became one of the first of Florence Nightingale's 'Young Ladies'—a term of scorn in those days. . . . Hers was a life entirely devoted to the service of her fellows: As a strikingly handsome girl, with the knowledge that she would always have an ample independent income, she abandoned the pleasures of the world as surely as any nun, in order to alleviate the pain and sorrow of others. It must be remembered, too, that she did it at a time when ladies of birth and fashion did not earn their living, and when nursing was 'not quite nice,' and the word 'midwife' was not mentioned before gentlemen." She took her training as a nurse at the London Hospital in 1879 and obtained her certificate. In 1882 she took her midwifery training at the British Lying-in Hospital. Dame Rosalind was appointed the first Queen's Nurse—the forerunner of the thousands of nurses and midwives who serve in Great Britain today under the Queen's Institute of District Nurses. This work took her into the lowest and the most degraded parts of London. She has shown me the section that was Tom-all-Alones in the days when she worked there. As the Queen's Nurses grew in numbers Dame Rosalind was appointed their first inspector. Later she was a general superintendent; later still she was appointed a member of the Council of the Queen's Institute and remained a member until 1946. During the first world war she was inspector of the Red Cross V.A.D. Hospitals in Britain.

It is as a midwife, even more than as a nurse, that Dame Rosalind will be remembered. "Her devoted work for midwifery was her lifelong interest, beginning in 1879 and ending sixty years later. 'Nursing Notes'—now 'Midwives Chronicle and Nursing Notes'—was founded by Dame Rosalind in 1887, and

for fifty years she supervised every issue of this first nursing paper."

Dame Rosalind was one of the founders in 1881 of the Midwives Institute—now the Royal College of Midwives. She threw her personal charm, her mental gifts, and her social prestige into the movement to secure state registration of midwives and to improve their education.

From 1890, when the first Bill was brought into the House of Commons, till the registration of midwives was placed on the Statute Book in 1902, Rosalind Paget was in the forefront of the battle which saw the slaughter of Bill after Bill until at last persistence and hard fighting won, and midwifery was recognised as the responsible and honourable profession that it is to-day. She became a member of the Central Midwives Board when it was first set up, continuing until she retired in 1925.

Dame Rosalind Paget has died at the age of 93. Up until nine years ago when she had a fall and fractured her thigh, she continued to work "round the clock" as she said on the Sairey Gamp post card she sent to me. She included the Frontier Nursing Service among her loves. When the American Association of Nurse-Midwives was founded in 1929 (and first incorporated as the Kentucky State Association of Midwives), she consented to become a member of its Advisory Council. Until the last years of her life I was in constant touch with her and I never went back to England without seeing a great deal of her. I was often in her drawing room in Sloane Court, that "quiet haven" for her many friends. It was her custom to have friends in for Sunday evening supper. After supper people from all over the world, who had been drawn into her circle, would gather round her fire for such conversation as one rarely enjoys. The walls of this room were hung with water colors by the masters of the English School, and Dame Rosalind was an excellent amateur water colorist.

Among the memories that I have of her are visits to the old city churches in London—so many of them destroyed now by bombs; visits to parts of London associated with Dickens—she was as ardent a Dickens lover as I am; teas at the Royal College of Midwives; an evening as her guest for *Midsummer Night's Dream* with Mendelssohn's music; an evening at Westminster Abbey for the Christmas Carols. As all of these mem-

ories throng my mind those that have taken the deepest hold on me are the ones spent in that "quiet haven," her drawing room in Sloane Court. Once she wrote me that she had been sitting alone before her fire and had pictured my coming into the room and our beginning to talk again. In that bright world to which she has now gone there must be a spot not unlike her drawing room where conversation with her may flow in fullest measure, when one wants it, beyond barriers of oceans and time.

COLONEL JULIA CATHERINE STIMSON

A few people, only a few, are so vibrant that one cannot think of them as overcome by death. Such was Julia Stimson. She was so alive in her private ways, as well as in her distinguished public career, that I never parted from her without feeling that I had touched, in however fragmentary a manner, the springs of Life itself.

By birth and breeding, Julia Stimson belonged in the ranks of America's fortunate families. She received her bachelor's degree from Vassar College in 1901. After mature reflection, and with the wish to be of service, she entered the New York Hospital Training School for nurses. She was graduated in 1908. She began her career as superintendent of nurses at Harlem Hospital in New York. In 1911 she went to Washington University in St. Louis where she became the superintendent of nurses at the University (Barnes) Hospital. In 1917 she received a degree of master of arts from Washington University. After our entry in World War I, she recruited the nurses for Base Hospital No. 21, U. S. Army. She became a member of the Army Nurse Corps in 1917 and, as chief nurse, accompanied her unit overseas.

Among my treasured books is a little old copy of *Finding Themselves*, a story told in letters of Julia's work in charge of the nurses of General Hospital No. 12 in Rouen, France. These letters are so alive that in re-reading them, one is carried in spirit to the First World War and all the tragedy, and all the hope, we held in our hearts then.

For her service overseas, Julia Stimson, then Major Stim-

son, received a wealth of citations and decorations—French, British, and American—among them the Distinguished Service Medal. She was cited by General Pershing for “exceptionally meritorious and efficient service.” All of the service she ever gave to anything was exceptional because it was she who gave it.

Between the two world wars Colonel Stimson served the nursing world in a wide variety of ways, particularly through the American Nurses Association and the National League of Nursing Education. She was recalled to temporary active duty in the Second World War and spent fifteen months in a most arduous kind of campaign—a campaign filled with travel, with speeches for recruitment of nurses and for the dedication to the spirit of service in civilian and military peoples, alike.

Colonel Stimson took seriously her responsibilities as a member of the National Nursing Council of the Frontier Nursing Service. She came to see us in the Kentucky mountains in our early days when travel was at its roughest. She went everywhere with me on horseback. She slept overnight at the mouth of Flat Creek on Red Bird River in a two-room cabin. She forded streams when they were nearly unfordable; she crossed mountain gaps that were almost uncrossable; she rode as long hours as those whose muscles had been toughened by being in the saddle every day. For all the nurses she met, there was a word of encouragement, a smile, a humorous comment. Always, she imparted some of that vibrance of hers that came from the springs of Life.

When Julia Stimson died, her going was as she wished it, swift, painless, and surrounded by friends. One of her sisters has written me: “The village of Briarcliff Manor, where she had lived for these past eight years, had taken her to their hearts. The outpouring of grief and concern and pride in her—and in all she had done in the village—almost overwhelmed us. The memorial service in her church Saturday afternoon would have touched her deeply. It was thankful and triumphant and beautiful.” So was Julia herself—thankful and triumphant and beautiful. So shall we find her in the next world when we meet her there. I like to think we shall ride together again, over trails more wonderful even than those in the Kentucky mountains. Of one thing I am sure—Whenever a call rings out for someone

to volunteer on a hard assignment, Julia Stimson will answer: "Here am I; send me."

MISS MARY ADELAIDE NUTTING

In the long years that lie ahead of the nursing profession, a longer span by far than the small stretch of time since modern nursing came to birth, the name of Adelaide Nutting will be honored wherever nurses are known. Few women have dedicated so much character and ability so wholeheartedly to one great cause.

Miss Nutting came of fine Canadian stock and was born in Quebec ninety years ago. She had a liberal education in private schools in Montreal, Boston, and Ottawa, where she studied music and art. She became a member of the first class in the Johns Hopkins School of Nursing in Baltimore on her thirtieth birthday. In those days the training of a nurse lasted only two years—and what giants in nursing were developed in that shorter course! After her graduation, Miss Nutting remained at the Johns Hopkins, where she passed from the position of head nurse to that of assistant superintendent and finally, in 1895, to the position of superintendent of nurses and principal of the school. It was through the tradition of Isabel Hampton first, and then that of Adelaide Nutting, that the Johns Hopkins School rose to commanding leadership in the education of nurses. In all Miss Nutting did for the advancement of the nursing profession, she never forgot that the care of the patient, whoever she or he might be, was the cardinal principle in nursing.

In 1907 Miss Nutting established something altogether new in the nursing world. This was a department at Teachers College, Columbia University, for institutional administration. Under her leadership as director, this small nursing unit "expanded to include programs for public health nurses, teachers, supervisors, and administrators of nursing schools." It is now established and endowed as the Division of Nursing Education, one of the main divisions at Teachers College. Despite her active life, Miss Nutting found time to write on the subject she knew so well. In collaboration with Miss Lavinia L. Dock she wrote the first two volumes of the *History of Nursing*. Other writings

of hers include *A Sound Economic Basis for Schools of Nursing*, and the *Educational Status of Nursing*. Public service of other kinds, in ever widening fields of work, found Miss Nutting eager and ready to help. During the First World War President Woodrow Wilson appointed her Chairman of the Committee on Nursing of the Council of National Defense. She was one of the first to propose an international memorial to Florence Nightingale. After this was established in London, as the Florence Nightingale Foundation, she was Honorary President until her death. She took an active part in the National League of Nursing Education, in the American Nurses Association and its *Journal*. She was, in fact, one of the group of leaders in the nursing world who established these organizations in the nineties.

Many honors were showered on Adelaide Nutting before the close of her long career. Trust funds were established in her name, and medals were awarded in her honor. When Yale University gave her an honorary degree of Master of Arts, she was cited as "one of the most useful women in the world."

During Miss Nutting's active years I was one of the hundreds of nurses who studied under her at Teachers College. It was during the year I spent there that I came to know her well. She took a personal interest in her students while they were with her. When they had gone, she referred to them afterwards as her children. She held conversations with them, not only in regard to subjects at hand, but to problems as wide as the whole world. In after years, whenever I went to New York, she would ask to have me come to see her, lunch with her sometimes, sit and talk over with her the problems of the Frontier Nursing Service. Until the last years of her life her mind was clear. She followed with the eagerness of a young pioneer the developments of our Service in the Kentucky mountains. Miss Nutting not only understood the reasons why nurses should be midwives in rural areas, but she took an imaginative delight in discussing methods of training as well as methods of work. It was in 1930 that she gave me a book which is an heirloom in the Frontier Nursing Service. It was written by Florence Nightingale and is dedicated "without permission" to the shade of Socrates' Mother. It bears the quaint title:

INTRODUCTORY NOTES
on
LYING-IN INSTITUTIONS
Together with
A Proposal for
Organising an Institution for Training Midwives
and Midwifery Nurses.
by
FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

With this book Miss Nutting sent me a note to say it was given her by Florence Nightingale's cousin, Henry Bonham Carter. On the flyleaf she has written, "To Mary Breckinridge—With affectionate regard."

Ah! well, one outlives the older generation. We see pass on before us the noblest spirits we have known. Their influence on our lives is enduring and I, for one, look forward to a renewal of friendship "in that true world of which this world is but the bounding shore."

A CORRECTION

A mistake was made under the "In Memoriam" column in the Summer, 1948, Quarterly Bulletin. General Preston Brown was not a native of Lexington, Kentucky, but of Louisville where he spent the early years of his life.

A REPORT ON "ORGANDIE AND MULL"
and
A Carload of Hay

When we published this novelette and made mention of it in our Summer Bulletin, our purpose was practical. If all one thousand of the numbered copies sold, then the Frontier Nursing Service would make enough money to buy a whole carload of hay for the horses, freight and hauling included—that was the pith of the matter for us.

We have been gratified by the response of our readers who have bought several hundred copies of "Organdie and Mull." However, we have several hundred copies still unsold. If anybody else wants one or more copies, at \$1.00 each, we will be glad to forward these copies with the personal cards of the donors, to any name and address by FIRST CLASS MAIL at no extra charge. It will be so nearly Christmas time when this Bulletin reaches our subscribers that there would not be time to insure delivery of second-class mail in advance of Christmas. Therefore, every copy ordered now will be sent out by first-class mail from Wendover to any address in the United States. To save time, please send your order to Wendover, Kentucky, not Lexington.

The readers of "Organdie and Mull" are almost equally divided in their preference for the Organdie and Ronald; for the Mull and Leigh. For example, we have letters from two English-reading friends in France. One writes:

"I am not sure which to choose. The Mull perhaps?"

The other writes:

"If I had been Cindy, I would have chosen Ronald, a man of wide experience,—and not Leigh, who knew nothing of life."

Here are a few comments from the readers of "Organdie and Mull:"

From Kentucky:

". . . the wonderful novelette . . . words, phrases and thoughts have a singing quality that is inspiring. The theme is fascinating, to apply the choice to myself and wonder. It is a Lady or The Tiger idea."

From Arkansas:

"I am charmed with its originality and beauty; but, most of all, I am deeply interested in the problems it presents—problems of today as well as of 1900, almost half a century ago. Ageless problems! Naturally, I am all for the 'Mull,' with its duty and endurance, and an ordered and stable way of life. 'Mountain climbing' is exciting and interesting, and, no doubt, necessary for some natures; but it will never build a world worth living in."

From Washington, D. C.:

"My husband says, 'For pity's sake, Mrs. Breckinridge, for me Cynthia wears the organdie' and I suppose I must agree with him. At any rate we have both enjoyed every line of your charming story, and we feel that after quite a lull Kentucky has produced prose like that of James Lane Allen of unforgettable memory."

From Wisconsin:

"Uncle Dudley once said to me that the nineties of the past century and the early years of this one, were the time when life was most civilized and pleasant in our history, and I am glad to have the bloom of a very lovely part of that era wrapped in 'Organdie and Mull' for my girls. . . ."

From Kentucky:

"I think you have done a fine piece of work of which anyone would be proud. It is wholesome and gives one a spiritual lift after reading some of the stuff being published at the present time."

From West Virginia:

"It is a sort of 'The Lady or the Tiger' affair and is lots of fun."

From Delaware:

"The story follows a vein of rich nostalgia. I wonder if more than a few can respond to it. The delicate wit is as a breeze bringing the perfume of a flower almost unknown. I love it. . . ."

From Texas:

"To me, the description of a period—and way of life—local color—characterization—and style are far superior to most stories of today."

From Kentucky:

". . . Delightful book . . . I have enjoyed reading it so much, for the whole atmosphere is exactly of the time I remember so vividly. The year nineteen hundred does not seem so long ago in some ways, in others it is a century. We were all so proud of entering a new century, as if we had some personal part in the achievement. . . . You have depicted the feelings of our girlhood, the party, the reticences, the romance."

From Massachusetts:

"I have read it over and over and enjoy it every time more and more. It is such fun trying to decide 'Organdie and Mull'—I leaned quite a little toward Mull and Elizabeth said, 'Oh, Organdie'—so then I read it again."

From Arizona:

"I found it most interesting and read right through without putting it down; the dual ending was very tricky and provocative and bears out my contention that some of the most important moments of your life seem to be dictated as to outcome by the most irrelevant details."

From Virginia:

"The 'Organdie and Mull' is delightful and I am . . . glad to be reminded of the admonition General Lee gave his men . . . L'envoi is perfect. No one who was a girl at the turn of the century but would feel nostalgia on some of its pages. I wonder how many will write you their choices! I prefer No. 1. I read them through twice."

From Louisiana:

"Charming . . . I can't decide which I prefer."

From Michigan:

"Have just laid aside a lovely little blue book, and am trying to convince myself that I am living in 1948. . . . You have opened a drawer of memories—and brought to this generation the customs and traditions of a former age, which might have been overlooked in meeting the busy days at hand."

From Canada:

"Oddly enough from the title you would hardly expect it to be a man's story yet my husband enjoyed it as much as I did. We read it through at one sitting. . . . The copies we ordered finally came through the customs. Everyone who has reported on them to date has been charmed—that is the word, charmed."

From New York:

"It gives one a nostalgia for the days when fantasy and romance were not only permitted but highly encouraged. The realistic passion for things exactly as they are is too severe nowadays to permit any decoration of the emotions. Soon parsley and lemon will be forbidden as adornment to the fish!"

PROBLEM SOLVED

A correspondent in a picture paper says that while sitting in a doctor's waiting-room he fell in love with the receptionist. Thus solving the problem of what to do till the doctor comes.

—*Punch*, London, England
August 11, 1948

OLD STAFF NEWS

Compiled and Arranged by
HELEN E. BROWNE

From Carolyn Booth in Bridgeport, Connecticut

—August 29, 1948

Our trip was simply wonderful. We ended up by riding only 682 miles on bicycles, but our train travel went into the thousands, and we saw everything except Yellowstone and Salt Lake, ending up in the Jasper-Lake Louise area which is absolutely fairy-land. One of my friends joined me in a pack trip back into the mountains from Jasper—a seventy-mile loop through virgin forests into the Tonquin Valley where we rode through a wide valley of flowers, and off to our left rose the most magnificent peaks along the Continental Divide—"The Ramparts." There were all sorts of wild life—mountain sheep and goats, elk, mule, deer, grizzly bears and ptarmigans (a beautiful wild fowl which is snow white in winter-time). We never did see a moose, one of the disappointments of the trip. But the second night out, when we slept on a wide open plateau, and had to tie our horses to rocks, for there were no trees for miles, we saw a magnificent display of the Aurora Borealis. Believe me, lying out in the open, with the whole world your own, and the heavens streaming rainbow colors for your benefit is a spiritual experience!

From Bessie Waller (Wallie) in Hampshire, England

—September 2, 1948

Worcester has found me such a very nice flat on the very top of a lovely old Vicarage, lovely country all around, the Vicar, wife and daughters charming people, and I am happy about it. I wish you could come and see it. Am within walking distance of Worcester and can also get to Mickle occasionally.

From Doctor and Mrs. Howard M. Freas in the

Belgian Congo—September 8, 1948

It is just about three months since we arrived here. What a welcome awaited us! Though it was late at night when we drove into Banza Manteka and everyone was in bed, a crowd

soon gathered in the dark to greet us. The next morning in chapel and the following Sunday, of course, we were officially welcomed and many were the prayers of thanksgiving for God's answer to their petitions on our behalf. For days afterwards individuals and groups kept coming, and still do come to our door to greet us, sometimes with tears of joy and thanksgiving exclaiming "God really is! Our prayers are answered; our faith is rewarded—Oh, we prayed so hard for you; we just knew He must answer!" One day a crowd of about a hundred people came from Bete, the nearest village, about five miles away, singing special songs of welcome, waving flowers and carrying gifts of food; so we had a little prayer service right then and there on our front lawn!

From Marjorie Wood in Guatemala—September 15, 1948

These are interesting and fascinating days. This is where I will ultimately work after I have been to language school in Colombia. Right now the clinic is very crude, but plans are under way for a new building which will be more convenient and airy. Last week 60 patients were treated on the one clinic day of the week. Medicines are given mostly with injections. The country is just beautiful, high mountains surrounding the valley and sunsets are glorious. Many, many times, and it will be more so as time goes on, have I been thankful for the months spent at F.N.S.!! Wish it could have been more, but I'm surely grateful for being able to take the course.

From Louise Mowbray (Charlie) in Springfield, Mass.

—September 24, 1948

When the Medical Anesthetists returned here from Service they again took over all anesthetics, and the hospital has been using spinal anesthetics for all deliveries, unless absolutely contra-indicated, with very marked success from all points of view. I was asked to stay on as Director of the Delivery and Operating rooms, and have found it a very absorbing and satisfactory job. There is a lot of managing labor and delivery, a fair amount of teaching, and we are doing a great deal of blood work—Rh replacement transfusions and so on.

I expect that there have been many changes in every way

since the days that I remember, but please give my best regards to all whom I know.

From Nancy Newcomb in Pontiac, Michigan

—September 29, 1948

My Bulletin came in the mail today, and it has been read from cover to cover. I miss the F.N.S. and my work in the clinic. I enjoyed the children in Kentucky, they were so natural. I hope soon to start work with a surgeon in his office and maybe do some scrubbing for him in surgery.

From Rosa Clark in Tamassee, South Carolina

—September 30, 1948

If ever there was a chicken with its head off I was it this week-end. All the babies are ganging up on me as I expected and four came between Friday and Sunday nights. Had another primipara yesterday morning, but she was quick and easy, none of the night watch. *Mirabile dictu*—I have help—a mature person this time. She knows how to take hold without waiting for polished reins.

From Louise Fink in Chapel Hill, North Carolina

—October 2, 1948

About the middle of the summer I received a letter from Doctor Fink here at school asking if I would be interested in a stipend from The Public Health Service for training, my second year at school, as a psychiatric social worker. I made application and it was confirmed about the first of September. You don't know how wonderful it is to know that I have enough coming in during the year to take care of all my expenses. The Colonial Dames were wonderful about my having the opportunity to apply. The arrangement still stands that I will work for two years in the field of Juvenile Delinquency after I get out. I can still hardly believe it.

My field work placement is in Winston-Salem again this year but in a different agency. I am in the Social Service Department of the Bowman Gray Medical School which does practical work with the Baptist Hospital, one of the largest hospitals in North Carolina. I'll be working in the Child Guidance Clinic

and in the Adult Psychiatry Clinic. Just now I am feeling rather at sea hearing all these psychiatric terms and interpretations rattled off so easily by the other staff members.

I will have from December 18th till January 4th for my Christmas holiday. I thought that I might spend Christmas with mother, and then if they need someone for about a week, I would love to come to Wendover say for December 26th through January 2nd. I have been thinking about Wendover and know that I will never get it out of my blood until I go back again, and I'm afraid that I really won't get it out of my blood then. My roommate says that it will probably get in deeper than ever. I have talked so much about it that I feel she knows it almost as well as I do. Tell me what you think about this. I know that things aren't usually so crowded then, and that there usually is work to be done.

I heard that Mary LeFevre was working in Guilford County. I hope that I will get to see her sometime. That is the county next to mine. I suppose that I really won't know many people in the F.N.S. but somehow I feel that it would be much the same place, for I don't believe that the spirit could change much.

From Bland Morrow in Atlanta, Georgia—October 2, 1948

I have found the last Bulletin an unusually thrilling issue. Of course they are always fascinating, but sometimes the names of people I don't know loom so large, the years I was there seem very long ago. In addition to the fact that so many of the old timers are mentioned in this issue, I always get a very special kind of satisfaction out of the annual report. It is, of course, the competence that shines through that disciplined recital of facts and figures, plus, I think, the fact that the facts and figures sound so cool and impersonal, but I read them with a constant awareness of all the living and working that lie back of them.

I am always struck by the fact that the F.N.S. grows more and more international. Incidentally I was talking recently with Miss Bessie Trout of the Children's Bureau and she spoke of some United Nations Fellows who had spent some time in the Bureau and also with the F.N.S. and of how enthusiastic they were about what the latter experience had meant to them.

Please remember me to all my old friends. How I wish I could come up for a visit.

From Elizabeth Holmes Rodman in Schaller, Iowa

—October 4, 1948

We were very much involved with our garden, then freezing and canning its produce until August, when we went to Washington for a month's vacation with my family. While there Clara Dale and her family paid us an all too brief visit on the way to their new home in Bristol (Virginia-Tennessee). It was



Deborah Rodman

grand to see Dale again, and she was so pleased and happy with her son, at that time a husky fellow eight weeks old. Since our return here life sometimes seems like a two-ring circus, as I am enrolled for this semester at Buena Vista College (in Storm Lake, 18 miles away), and the homework and housework are in close competition. I have classes three mornings a week, from 8-11:30, making twelve hours, which is a full course, but I enjoy it very much.

Since John occasionally finds a little time for working on his Ph.D. thesis, this looks like a great educational year for the Rodmans. Debbie confines her efforts in that direction to learning to talk, and to exploring.

The enclosed picture we think is as typical of the "New Look" as the completely charming one on the Spring Bulletin cover is of the "Old Look." Although Debbie is now five months older than she was at the time this picture was taken, she hasn't changed much in appearance, except for adding a few more teeth and a little height.

From Bertha Bloomer en route to Alaska—October 4, 1948

I would not take a million dollars for the wonderful trip! We drove through the beautiful farmland of Wisconsin, and crossed the Mississippi at a very down-at-the-heels little town over a very battered bridge which we expected to fold up under us, and so up into Minnesota. We were near Rochester so took a brief look at the Mayo Clinic. Through Minnesota the weather was quite warm, but we really broiled when we hit South Dakota and headed west and south to the Badlands, and the next day we arrived in the Black Hills and drove over the Needles Highway through sharp, jutting grey stone mountains. We looked over Deadwood and saw the graves of Wild Bill Hickok and Calamity Jane and then headed for Wyoming. Here the scenery was gorgeous. Next day we drove up a narrow winding road over a high mountain and headed for Yellowstone. We drove around Yellowstone Lake, boiled an egg in one of the hot springs and reached "Old Faithful" about supper time. We rented a cabin for the night, ate our supper and sat down to wait for "Old Faithful" to perform by moonlight. For us who had never seen a geyser before it was really amazing. We did all the sight-seeing we could, the geysers, colorful pools, hot springs and falls, and the canyon. We saw 23 bears along the road and took pictures of them while other motorists risked their hands feeding them. Much as we enjoyed it we had to move on into Montana—on to Alaska!

Later—from Lucille Knechtly's cousin in Alaska

Thanks a lot for the Bulletins. I read them from cover to

cover and enjoy them a lot. Your friend Bertha Bloomer called on me one evening. A girl she called Chappy and Rusty the dog were with her. We had a good visit and they were so interested in everything Alaskan. I think she is on a detail in Sitka now. Doesn't know where she will be stationed, but thinks at Naknek in the Bristol Bay area, not too far from Kodiak. It will be an interesting experience for her. I only hope the husky dogs don't make mincemeat of Rusty.

**From Mrs. Vincent Tothill (Bridget Ristori), Box 62,
Russell, New Zealand—October 10, 1948**

Owing to the restrictions on travel as a result of the Infantile Paralysis Epidemic and the return of petrol rationing, there have not been nearly so many visitors in Russell this year, and of course the Regatta had to be called off. But everyone is looking forward to a busy season this year, especially as the Bay is to be the last port of call for the Royal tour. Vincent, as a member of the Town Board, will probably have to greet the King and Queen, for the Chairman hates the social side of his job, and always gets Vincent to deputise for him.

**From Sybil Holmes Barton in Barbados, B. W. I.
—October 18, 1948**

We do so hope we will be able to visit you when we have leave, Spring 1950 I think. Happy as I am, I often feel a nostalgia for Kentucky. Now for my great and joyful news. We have a son 12 days old today, Brian Guy de Gorham. He was a good wee boy and stayed ROA and only took 7½ hours, weight 8 lbs. and 9 oz. at birth. I am glad to say I had no dope or anesthetic. After delivering so many without, now I really know and I am jolly glad I was always sympathetic. I must write to tell Freddy her god-daughter has a brother. She loves him and has shown no sign of jealousy, thank goodness.

**From Margery Tait Burton (Madge) in Sussex, England
—October 19, 1948**

To our great delight we got a permit to build our house in the middle of August. Great Jubilations! I felt it was "an occa-

sion," and the Dean or Bishop ought to come and cut the first sod! The builder has surpassed himself, and his men have worked like ants. To date—the doors in, roof on, windows in, drains laid, electricity in and plastering completed upstairs. We'll be in before long! So if you take a notion to cross the briny ocean—we'll have a corner for you or for anyone from the F.N.S.

I am still enjoying domesticity very much, and my father-in-law tells me I have the makings of a good cook! It takes 50 years he says, so I've only 49 years apprenticeship to do!

From Elda Barry in Brindaban, India—October 24, 1948

With India just having independence, and the division of the country into Hindustan and Pakistan, there was a great uprooting and moving of people many of whom came to Brindaban. There were over 5,000 refugees from Pakistan who came here; many lost family members, all lost homes, stores, places of business, factories etc. and came with only a few possessions. Some had only the clothes they were wearing. With crowded living conditions and poor sanitation many became sick so our work in the clinic and hospital greatly increased, and of course many new babies were born; and there is where I got busy right away. I wanted to start a course in midwifery for graduate nurses, but did not have help in the School of Nursing, so had to keep that work and do most of the teaching to nurses. Now we have a new missionary nurse, whom I met in Louisville when I was in the F.N.S., and she has just come down from the mountains where she was studying the language. So she has taken over much of the teaching of the nurses and I began the midwifery course in September. So far we have been having deliveries only in the hospital and have had 350 this year, so will average more than one a day throughout the year. Before the class began I delivered about 500 after coming back from furlough, so have had lots of opportunities for experience.

From Trudis Belding Corum (Trudy) in Barberton, Ohio

—November 2, 1948

We have bought a seven-room, white colonial home on one

acre of ground, about three miles out in the country. Jimmy is busy laying floors. The place is eight years old, but never had the hardwood floors put in, so we want them finished before we move. We hope to be in by Thanksgiving. Our three children keep us busy; Leslie is full of mischief, Luann is fat, good natured and pokey, and Markland is the instigator of everything.

We stopped to see Pat Simmons this summer, she is just the same and does not look a day older than when she was at Hyden.

. . . .

From Reva Rubin in Salzburg, Austria—November 15, 1948

Just a note to wish you and everybody in the F.N.S. a happy Thanksgiving. I am sorry that I cannot join the F.N.S. group in London for the holiday. But really, I am not too far from the spirit and beauty of the Kentucky hills here in the Tyrol. There is some similarity in hill peoples that is warming and familiar.

My work takes me to Bad Gastein, the Italian border (via Germany), and to the Danube River. It is interesting work, far beyond my abilities I am afraid, but everyone is so kind and so keen on my staying here in Salzburg as chief nurse that it does help. Yet what do I know of setting up nurseries, convalescent and old age homes, etc.? I do enjoy the contact with the Displaced Persons; they need all the help we can give them.

There is great movement out of the Displaced Persons Camps, and a spirit of optimism and hope. Perhaps our job here will be done in another year. "Done" except for the tubercular, the aged, the cardiacs.

My co-workers are the I.R.O. and allied voluntary agencies, such as the Y.W. Church World Service. They are good sincere people, fun to know and excellent to work with. Although this is the American zone and English is the official language for allied personnel, there are very few Americans working here. It is beginning to be less of a strain for me to slip around from French to German to English in my conversations.

The dogs here are really wonderful. I wish I could bring one home with me. The horses are not beautiful, they are all right, but no horse looks good to me after Doc (*her horse in the F.N.S.*).

Letter Translated

From Odette Prunet, Ecole Florence Nightingale, 215 Route de Toulouse, Talence, Gironde, France—November 16, 1948

I received word from Professor Mahon of the faculty of medicine of Bordeaux that I could present myself for the examination of *Sage Femme* at the session at the end of October. I did not have much time for my preparation with my regular work to carry, but I eagerly studied again the notes of my training as a midwife in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery. I also studied a French obstetrical book to accustom myself to the terms used here at home. I presented myself for the examination. I passed with the statement "very good," and the professors who conducted the examination told me that I had not wasted my time while I was in America.

It is to you in the Frontier Nursing Service that should fall the honor of my having passed this examination because it is due to the excellent preparation I received from your medical director, from Eva Gilbert the instructor, and from the supervisors. Thank all of you again. You are part of the souvenirs that I love to bring back over and over in my mind, with memories that I shall never forget.

We have been busy here in preparing for the National Congress of *Assistantes Sociales* which was held this year at Bordeaux. It was most interesting. I have been busy, too, with my students who had their examinations today.

How is our dear Bucket? I think of her continually. So often it seems to me as though I were with all of you, because my thoughts travel to you so much. It seems to me as though I were on my way to you, and would soon see your faces at a turn in the road. It is nearly the Thanksgiving Day. You will all be united for this *fete*. Please be so kind as to convey to each one my faithful remembrances and my warmest souvenirs. I shall be with you in spirit. You all know that.

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From Margaret Field in Riverton, New Jersey

—November 21, 1948

Thanksgiving is just around the corner and my thoughts

go out to all of you gathered there at Wendover for the annual reunion.

Words are at best futile and inadequate things, and I find myself especially powerless when it comes to expressing the things that mean most to me. All the same I want to do my best to say "thank you" for all the joy I had in working with the Frontier Nursing Service during the last four years.

When excitement and fun, a constant challenge to all one's abilities, the chance to learn and to love daily, and the opportunity to do good in a very interesting situation are all combined in one job, then it seems to me the job is very nearly perfect. That is what Hyden Hospital meant to me. Every square inch of it, from attic to cellar, is full of memories for me. The mountains and the people whom I loved will always be a part of me, even if I never see Kentucky again.

Thank you all for what you have done and are still doing to help me. Thank you for the privilege of having a tiny part in what I consider the most wonderful work in the world.

Affectionate greetings and a heart-felt "God Bless you" to everybody in the F.N.S.

NEWSY BITS

Nora Kelly has been offered the job of teaching the pupils, as a combined post with that of Assistant Matron at the Bearsted Memorial Hospital in London. She has also been asked by the College of Midwives to help coach the Midwife Teachers again this year.

Jean Bradley is working on the obstetrical floor in the Ventura County Hospital, California. She writes, "Can you imagine how fast I moved from the desk one day when I heard one of the patients in labor say 'Oh Lordy!'"

Mrs. Symonds brought us news of **Katherine Ratcliffe Armstrong**. Dr. Symonds had seen Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong and their two children when he was in Alaska. He reported them all well and happy, and said that Mr. Armstrong is doing excellent work in his mission field.

Mrs. Isabelle Marrison (Dougall) has accepted a position as County Health nurse at Wray, Yuma County, Colorado.

We are happy to welcome two new babies, Joseph Martin born to **Mrs. Gladys Kraybill Feese** on October 24th, 1948, and Gary Charles born to **Mrs. Esther Thompson Corum (Tommy)** on October 27th, 1948.

WEDDINGS

Miss Sally Williams MacMillan to Mr. Paul Muncy on November 13th, 1948, in the Rose McCord Memorial Chapel at Wooton, Kentucky.

Miss Louisa B. Chapman (Chappy) to Mr. Donald Whitlock on November 27th, 1948, in Ovid, New York.

Miss Clara-Louise Schiefer (Pete) to Mr. Eric Johnson on November 27th, 1948, in Rochester, New York.

We wish all these young people much happiness.

ENGAGEMENT

Miss Barbara Carpenter (Bobby) to Mr. Edwin Richardson of Randolph, New Hampshire. We hear they have a tentative plan for a Christmas wedding, and send them all our best wishes for future happiness.

JUST JOKES—CHILDREN

"How far have you got in your Sunday School?" asked one little girl of another.

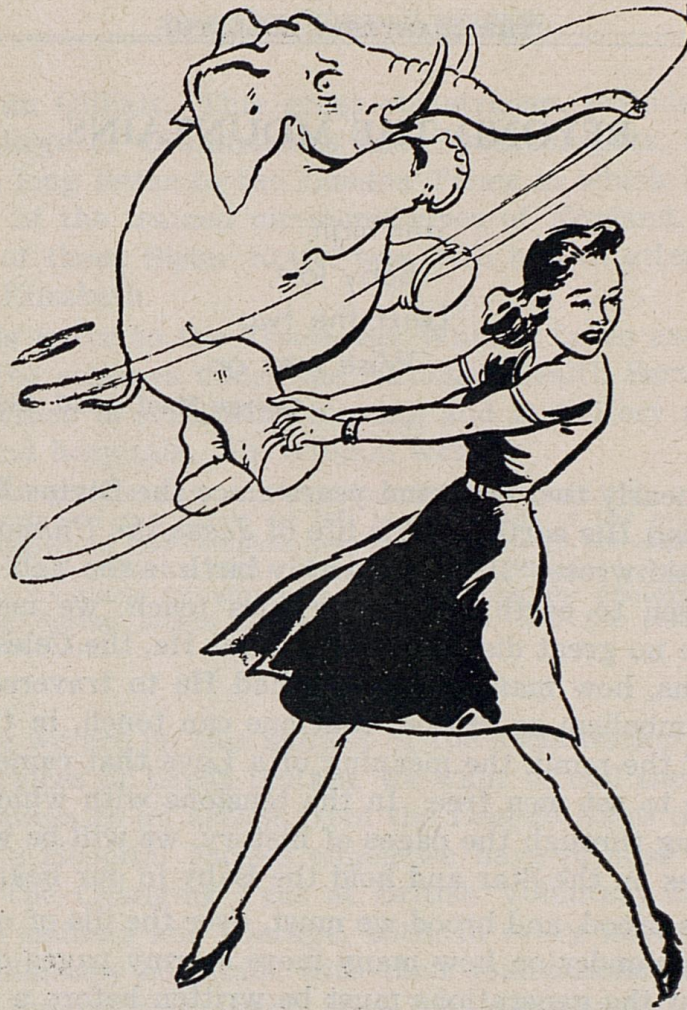
"I'm past original sin," said the second little girl.

"Humph," said the first girl, "I'm past redemption!"

Two small boys were discussing the capabilities of their mothers, both active club members. "My mother can talk on just about any subject," the first lad declared proudly.

"Phooey!" retorted the other. "My mother can talk without any subject at all."

WHITE ELEPHANT



DON'T THROW AWAY THAT WHITE ELEPHANT

Send it to FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE,
1175 Third Avenue, New York 21, New York

You don't have to live in or near New York to help make money for the Frontier Nursing Service at the Bargain Box in New York. We have received hundreds of dollars from the sale of knickknacks and party dresses sent by friends as far from New York as Illinois, Pennsylvania, Kentucky. The vase you have never liked; the *objet d'art* for which you have no room; the party dress that is no use to shivering humanity; the extra picture frame; the old pocketbook;— There are loads of things you could send to be sold in our behalf.

If you want our green tags, fully addressed as labels, for your parcels—then write us here at Wendover for them. We shall be happy to send you as many as you want by return mail. However, your shipment by parcel post or express would be credited to the Frontier Nursing Service at the Bargain Box if you addressed it

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE

1175 Third Avenue
New York 21, New York

We shall be much obliged to you.

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

Star high,
 Baby low,
 'Twixt the two
 Wise men go.

—George MacDonald, 1824-1905

It is nearly two thousand years since the Divine Baby first came to visit His earth. In his life of *Jesus the Unknown*, D. S. Merejkowski wrote, "If every earthly birth is the 'fall' of a soul from heaven to earth, as the Orphics teach, we men of the earth have no great distance to fall. But He, the Celestial, how many aeons, how many eternities, had He to traverse?" It is only in symbolism so exalted that one can touch, in the vaster reaches of the mind, the meaning of a Love that came down at Christmas to set men free. In the tensions with which we are now moving through the pages of history, we will be wise if we fix our eyes on the Star and hold the Baby in our hearts.

As we brood, and brood we must, over the ills of our pitiful planet, we wonder on how many more stormy pages of history the lives of the generations must be written before a good will comes to men on earth.

O Prince of Peace! O Sharon's dewy rose!
 How mute you lie within your vaulted grave.
 The stone the angel rolled away with tears
 Is back upon your mouth these thousand years.

—"To Jesus on His Birthday,"

The Buck in the Snow, Edna St. Vincent Millay

It is easy to pass, in one's Christmas thoughts, from the Divine Baby to human babies. One likes to think of a child so welcome and so wanted as the little son of Princess Elizabeth of England. Through the medium of this Bulletin, we add our congratulations to the many pouring in on his people, his personal and his public people. As nurse-midwives, we were delighted to read that Princess Elizabeth's chief accoucher was

Sir William Gilliatt. This great obstetrician, president of the Royal College of Obstetricians and Gynaecologists, has lately written a long letter to the *London Times* in which he praises the work of the trained nurse-midwives of England. We note that one of them, Sister Rowe, was with him in attendance on Princess Elizabeth.

In his letter to the *Times*, Sir William takes exception to some of the schemes under the National Health Service Act—the Act which is socializing nursing and midwifery as well as doctors and hospitals. Sir William writes:

The greater part of the maternity service in this country has been and can safely be left in the hands of the midwives (the midwives had complete responsibility for 75 per cent of all domiciliary births in 1946) provided that experienced practitioners are available for ante-natal consultations, for abnormalities arising during labour or the puerperium, and for post-natal examinations.

While we are on this subject of the socialization of all the health services of Great Britain, we want to call the attention of our readers to an article from the *League News* of St. Bartholomew's Hospital Nurses which we have printed under the title of "The Changing Face of British Voluntary Hospitals." It reveals sadness and courage, both, in every line. These old British voluntary hospitals, with their foundations and endowments of hundreds of years, have been the admiration of the world. No hospital today, even one with substantial endowments, but runs at a loss which must be made up somehow. The British system during past years had seemed to us a well nigh perfect system. The voluntary hospitals and the Queen's Nurses, all such charities, were left in the control of their own boards of governors and in the full control of their own endowment funds. The national government gave them subsidies to make up for their deficits. In this way the national government saw that those who could not pay the full costs of medical and nursing and hospital care,—saw that they received it. It was a far more liberal policy than ours in the United States and it was one that left the charities completely free of government control. All that was required of them, aside from financial accountability, was that the work they did, and the medical and nursing staff they employed, all met the standards set by

the national government in order to get the subsidies. And now it looks as though this long tradition of freedom and responsibility, with the flexibility that such things mean—it looks as though this long tradition were brought to an end. It does indeed bring sadness. It does indeed require courage to meet.

Our voluntary hospitals in America are going through a crisis too, although one of a different kind. We in the Frontier Nursing Service, who are responsible for meeting the costs of our own small hospital, are well aware of how acute the crisis is. A study has been made by Theodore W. Fabisak, an accountant in the Department of Public Health in Massachusetts, of the comparative operating costs of two non-profit voluntary hospitals as of 1943 and 1947. In the case of one hospital, the costs had increased 80 per cent but the patient days of care had increased only 13 per cent. In the case of the other hospital, the operating costs had increased 117 per cent but the patient day increase was only 15 per cent.

Our own experience in running the Hyden Hospital indicates comparable leaps in costs of operation. Our subscribers are good to us, but unless we get more subscribers we cannot make ends meet.

There are two ways in which this whole problem of the maintenance of voluntary charitable institutions could be met. One is, of course, to pick up the system the British have abandoned, the system in which grants in aid are made by the government to voluntary charitable agencies, but with the control of these agencies left in the hands of their lay boards. A second solution has been offered by Robert W. King in *Harper's Magazine*, October 1948, under the title "How to Unlock Gifts." The whole page should be read, but the gist of it is in the following paragraph:

Some students of taxation estimate that if the personal and corporate income tax schedules were revised so as to permit deduction of contributions to educational and scientific institutions, not from one's taxable income, but *from one's tax itself*, up to say five per cent of one's income; this would unlock the needed funds. Such activities as education, science, medical research, health, etc., cannot be allowed to go into an eclipse. Being essential to the national welfare, they must become a lien upon the federal treasury unless adequately supported by private giving. In either case the money comes from taxpayers; but the

latter, traditionally the American way, eliminates all danger and temptation of political control. There are therefore good grounds of common sense for such an income tax credit. Moreover, from the administrative point of view, it would introduce no operating difficulties.

Before we leave the subject of hospitals, we want to make mention of the almost unique record in maternal mortality of the Woman's Hospital in Detroit. The latest figures of this institution are as follows: From June, 1943, to October 20, 1948, the Woman's Hospital has had 18,436 deliveries of women in childbirth and only one maternal death. For even this one maternal death, the Woman's Hospital is not really responsible because the patient was suffering from septicemia when she was admitted with a temperature of 107°.

We sent our warm congratulations to Dr. May C. Wharton of Uplands, Pleasant Hill, Tennessee, on her 75th birthday. The occasion was celebrated on August 18th at the Community House in Pleasant Hill. We are glad to know that this Uplands, founded twenty-seven years ago, has gone far ahead in its plans for a new and larger hospital to be built at Crossville, and we wish them one and all the best of good luck.

The Frontier Nursing Service was included in a Chicago program in November for the celebration of the Diamond Jubilee of Nursing. This came about in the following manner. We were asked to send a uniform and saddlebags up to Chicago, which we gladly did, in order to allow one of the Chicago nurses to wear it in a pageant on the History of Nursing for television station WENR-TV. This is the first time our uniform has been shown by television.

Although the television is new, the radio is not. We have turned down a great many requests to allow talks to be made about us over the radio since, unfortunately, the scripts submitted to us were extravagantly wild. We are glad to make mention of the fact that Miss Margaret Godby of England, who was our guest earlier in the year, made an excellent talk about

the Frontier Nursing Service over the British Broadcasting Corporation. We have not received the script of this talk, although we shall probably read it later in the *Listener*, but it gives us pleasure to quote from a letter Miss Godby wrote last July:

I don't quite know how to tell you what I feel about your kindness and hospitality and the joy of coming to Wendover at last. It had been my dream for a long time and it is always wonderful when a dream comes true. Still more so when it exceeds expectation.

It was lovely to be welcomed at once almost as a member of your large Wendover family and to be allowed to roam about everywhere at will. I feel richer in friendship and experience and am filled with a warm feeling of gratitude for those happy days and for the privilege of having seen something of a great achievement. Thank you with all my heart for everything.

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Two of our staff have made talks for us, both in November, in the Kentucky that lies beyond the mountains. Eva Gilbert spoke, with colored slides, at the Sinawik Club's husbands' night at Winchester, Kentucky. We give the following report from one of the members: "She gave a wonderful talk from the beginning of the F.N.S. The slides were beautifully clear, and our husbands enjoyed it all very much." Betty Lester spoke to the Carlisle Woman's Club. From a member of this club we got the following report about Betty: "The Carlisle Woman's Club will forever be grateful to you for sending Miss Lester to us. Not only did we enjoy her talk on Frontier Nursing, but each one of us fell in love with her. She is charming. In fact, it was hard to get the women to go home—they wanted to stay and talk and ask questions."

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Our new Social Service Secretary, Mary Ann Quarles, represented the Frontier Nursing Service at the Annual Meeting of the Kentucky Society for Crippled Children. She brought us back a full report of a wonderful meeting. We were so glad to learn that Miss Marian Williamson, Director of the Kentucky Crippled Children Commission, spoke at this meeting. For years we have had a great deal of admiration for her and for the quality of her work.

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On October 19th, the Research Director of the Frontier

Nursing Service, Dr. Ella Woodyard, attended an afternoon and evening meeting of the Kentucky Psychological Association at Louisville. The afternoon session, held at the Seagram Auditorium, was devoted to a panel discussion of the value of psychological counseling in industrial management. Demonstration of the type of psychological research carried on by the Seagram Company ended the session. The dinner meeting at the Hotel Seelbach was followed by short speeches with discussion and questions from the floor. Dr. Woodyard reports the entire session to have been able, stimulating, and forward looking.

On Saturday, October 30th, the Kentucky Dietetic Association held a business meeting and dinner at Boone Tavern, Berea College. The chief dinner speaker was Dr. Ella Woodyard who reported on research on the relation between a diet enriched by Vitamin B¹ and mental work.

She is pursuing at present, with our pregnant women and nursing mothers, a long-term study of the effect of added thiamin in their diet upon the intelligence of their offspring. Nearly 1,200 women have been included in this project.

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To Dragma of the Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority has a most delightful article in its fall, 1948, issue—called "The Miracle of the Hills" by Leo Wolf, the third vice-president of the sorority, responsible to the AOPi for the social service department of the Frontier Nursing Service. We wish all of you who are not AOPi's could read a story so charmingly written as this.

The Michigan Nurse in its October, 1948, number prints a story called "Health in the Hills, A Brief on the Frontier Nursing Service," by Betty Scott, a graduate of the Harper Hospital School of Nursing, Detroit, and a most competent member of the Frontier Nursing Service district staff.

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There are several important changes in the chairmanships of our large city committees. Mrs. Milward W. Martin has become chairman of the board of the New York Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service. Mrs. R. McAllister Lloyd, mother of our courier, Nella, has succeeded Mrs. Martin as chairman of the New York Committee. Mrs. D. Lawrence Groner retired as

active chairman of our Washington Committee, with the title of Honorary Chairman,—and Mrs. Adolphus Staton has taken the active chairmanship. Miss Naomi Donnelley found it necessary to give up the chairmanship of our Chicago Committee a year ago. She is succeeded by Mrs. T. Kenneth Boyd. These announcements sound formal but they are given with veritable heart throbs by us. So much that has been gracious and competent in the chairmen of the past fills us with grateful memories. So much of promise of a like kind lies in the quality of the chairmen who have taken over for us.

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Two members of our Executive Committee have been really ill this fall, but are now both of them at their homes, with nurses in attendance, and on the way to a full recovery Mrs. Morris B. Belknap, first vice-chairman of the Frontier Nursing Service, has been hospitalized by an illness. Mrs. George R. Hunt, corresponding secretary of the Frontier Nursing Service, has also been ill in a hospital. We could not bear to give bits of news so grievous if we weren't able, at the same time, to say that both these dear women are on the mend.

We are sure it is a comfort to Mrs. Belknap, during her illness, to know that the wonderful new roof she gave to the Big Log House at Wendover has protected everybody and everything through the early fall rains. The old roof had so many leaks that we were always putting out buckets. It was more economical to buy more buckets than to put on a new, costly roof. Mrs. Belknap thought not, and gave the money for this beautiful leak-proof roof of asphalt slate shingles.

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While we are on the subject of friends beyond the mountains, we want to extend our very special thanks to Mrs. Robert Duer for helping the voluntary secretary, Mrs. Edward Arpee, with our Chicago files. She gave us hours of work on what is truly one of the most tedious and exacting jobs in the world.

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A marriage of special interest to the Frontier Nursing Service was that of Charles P. Bowditch (brother of our courier, Sylvia), late of Boston, now of Tulsa, Oklahoma, to Miss Docia

Sanders. It is easy to extend our wishes for every happiness to Charles and Docia—as we do from hearts made happy by their happiness.

Under OLD STAFF NEWS you will read that Odette Prunet, graduate of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, and fellowship nurse for two years with the Frontier Nursing Service, has passed the French examinations in midwifery and is a full fledged *sage femme*. Our readers, please bear in mind that the French course in midwifery covers three years and is very stiff. The French midwives are a highly educated and most competent body of women. We feel that it is indeed a feather in the cap of Eva Gilbert, instructor of the Graduate School, that one of her students was able to pass these French examinations with a rating of “very good.”

Our “In Memoriam” column in this issue is given over entirely to three great nurses. We have lost other friends during the past few weeks and we shall gather them in to our memorial column in another issue.

At the request of several people, we have prepared a little card with a color picture of flowers on it to send to the families of people who have died, in order to let them know that money was given to the Frontier Nursing Service in memory of those dear to them. Friends of theirs, and of ours, frequently send us checks instead of sending flowers to a funeral; or they send checks as a memorial of an anniversary. We feel that the card we have had prepared will be an acknowledgment that will please these friends.

TAIL CORN

Man buying cow: ‘Do she kick?’ ‘Not what you might call kick, but she’ll lift her hind leg sudden and bring it back smart-ish. Best to keep a good hold on the pail.’

—*The Countryman*, England
Summer 1948

FIELD NOTES

Compiled by
MARY BRECKINRIDGE

Ye merry folk, be of good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.
From open door you'll take no harm
By winter, if your hearts are warm.

—Geoffrey Smith

Warm indeed are the hearts of the people who are sending us tons of toys and clothing and candy as this Bulletin goes to press in late November. Hundreds of you send direct shipments; others send money with which we buy whatever is lacking. Thumper is handling the work of Christmas Secretary this year and you will be getting her notes and those of Mary Quarles, Alpha Omicron Pi Social Service Secretary. I think that everyone on the staff of the Frontier Nursing Service would like to write each of you a personal letter if time could be found in which to do it. If only all of you could hear the gurgles of delight of the nurses at the outpost centers when they open up the supplies relayed to them by truck from Hyden! If only you could see the children's faces—thousands of them—when they get their toys and candy, and comfortable things like mittens. If, indeed, you could see the old people by their cabin fires when a warm scarf or a shawl is thrown over their shoulders—gifts all of them from you.

. . . .

While we are on the subject of Christmas parcels—and indeed parcels at any time the year round—we want to ask each of you if you will print your names and addresses clearly on a card or type them on a piece of paper, and put the card or paper *inside* your parcels. You have no idea how greatly that would help us in the problem of identification. The outside of the parcels often gets so buffeted in transit, and so damp when there have been drizzles of rain, that the names and addresses

on the outside are frequently illegible. In such cases we cannot write you a personal acknowledgment. You don't know what has become of your parcel, and we are troubled over our apparent discourtesy. When you ship your parcel, please remember that it is destined for a long overland trip from the railroad, and make sure that the name and address are on the *inside*.

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Wendover is not only giving again the Nativity play that is traditional with us, with the parts all taken by children, but a Mother Goose pantomime as well—Jack will jump over his candlestick—Little Boy Blue will blow his horn—and we are searching for a spider for Little Miss Muffet. In addition to all that, Cecilia and Thumper have invested in a rhythm band. The pupils from Jackie Morgan's Hurricane Creek School will be the orchestra. It is a one-room school and has fifty-one enrolled students.

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To our almost incredible relief, the rains that precede the snows have set in at last. We have not in years had so many forest fires, including one on the Ridge behind our Hospital at Hyden, and several on Muncie Creek and at the head of Short Creek. The forest rangers have been magnificent. They are a grand body of men. It takes, however, some time for them to reach a fire, especially when they are already out on other fires. We set all hands to work, from among the men in our employ, as soon as we learn of a forest fire that can be reached by us.

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Elsewhere in this Bulletin you will see that we have printed an article called "A Frontier Nursing Service" that I wrote twenty years ago for the *American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology*. I was tremendously bucked when Dr. George W. Kosmak, editor of this medical journal then, as he is now, wrote to ask me for an article about the work we had gotten under way here in the Kentucky mountains. The reason we are printing this article now, abridged about one-third, is because Dr. Kosmak has honored us with a visit at Wendover.

When the *American Association of Nurse-Midwives* held its



DR. GEORGE W. KOSMAK AT WENDOVER

twenty-first annual meeting at Wendover, October fourteenth, Dr. Kosmak was the honored guest of the Association and made a wonderful speech that was the high light of the day. As fascinating as the speech was the discussion he led afterwards. Everything he said fairly rippled with anecdotes drawn from his own experiences. He was

truly delightful. In addition to all of this he gave the members of the American Association, in his talk and in answer to their questions, a mass of information.

The Frontier Nursing Service has entertained other guests during the autumn months besides Dr. Kosmak—among them some delightful people from overseas. Dr. Angelica V. Infantado came from the Philippines. She was so young and sparkling that it was hard to realize she had already achieved a distinguished career. Dr. Alice P. Thomas had come from the Lady Hardinge Medical College and Hospital, New Delhi, India. Aside from our deep enjoyment of her as a person and a physician, we were intrigued in learning how she had come by her English name. Malabar in Travancore is the center of the "Christians of St. Thomas," one of the oldest branches of the Christian church

in the world. The origin of this church is lost in the mists of



**Dr. Alice Thomas of India,
and Courier Ellen Mary Hare (in background)**

time, but tradition has always held that it was founded by the apostle, St. Thomas. We knew about this, but what we did not know was that those Malabar Christians had assumed Biblical names at the time of the founding of their church and had passed them on from father to son through centuries.

The third of these delightful overseas friends to honor us with her presence was Dr. Sushila Nayar of Kastushe Hospital, Sevegram, India. She had been a devoted associate of Gandhiji and his wife about whom she has written a most touching biography. We not only enjoyed her as a physician and a person but we listened with intense interest to all that she had to tell us about Gandhiji and his followers.

Among the men who came to see us was Dr. O. C. Peters, the veterinarian from Sturgeon, Kentucky, who stayed several days and went about with Jean Hollins to Bangs test and T.B. test the Frontier Nursing Service cows. Aside from his professional proficiency, Dr. Peters was a charming guest whom we all enjoyed very much. We are glad to report that all of the many cows of the Service have a clean bill of health both as

regards Bangs disease and tuberculosis. They have to be tested for Bangs disease twice a year.

Young Mr. Seton Ijams spent a week end with us to our great pleasure. He is the son of one of our New York friends and is on an assignment of work in Frankfort, Kentucky, for an all too brief period of time.

It was a joy to have a visit from our former nurse, Jane Rainey, who is now living with her widowed mother in Charlottesville, Virginia. She stayed at her old haunt, the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, but she came to Wendover too, and also took a long horseback trail trip over to Brutus from Hyden. We also had another pleasant visit from Hazel Meyer who will always seem like a part of the Frontier Nursing Service no matter where she is or what she does.

Another of our "children" to come back on a brief visit to us was our former courier, Barbara Ingersoll, now Mrs. E. A. McClintock, with her husband. It was lovely having her here again and seeing him, but they could only manage to give us one night of their time. Come again, Barbara.

So many people drop in to see us for lunch and tea at Hyden and at Wendover that we cannot mention them all, much as we should like to do so. We do want to say, however, what a pleasure it was to have Mrs. Campbell Symonds at lunch with us at Wendover when she was visiting the Reverend and Mrs. Benton P. Deaton of Wooton in late September. Mrs. Deaton lunched with us at the same time, as did Miss Zilpha Roberts and Miss Jean Tolk of Dryhill.

A friend of mine from girlhood days, Mrs. Harold C. Beatty, now of Syracuse, New York, but a Kentuckian by birth, spent about ten days with us in October while she was on a visit in her native state. Since she is the mother of our first Christmas Secretary, Cynthia Beatty Ludlow, she has known about our work for many years. She came up to be of use to us—and how useful she was! She addressed hundreds of our little Christmas Appeal cards; she mended blankets and household linen; she made candles for us in our two candle molds. It was hard to

tear her away from her various occupations to send her on some of the routine trips to the outpost centers. However, we did get her to several of them, and the nurses enjoyed seeing her so much. We venture to quote from a letter she wrote us just after she had gone back to Lexington.

After my wonderful visit with you I am back so refreshed in body and mind that I feel much more able to go on. The life at Wendover is a perfect example of the lives of individuals submerged in a common cause, and the larger problems make the troubles of each of us seem smaller by comparison.

I shall always cherish the memory of the warm welcome that you gave me, and of the beautiful serenity of the chats by the fire and the not so serene tea with the dogs, and the always changing group of lovely girls and interesting people.

I loved seeing the hospital and almost made off with one of your babies, the most precious little fat thing just getting over pneumonia.

.

We don't consider our trustees as guests when they make visits up to us here in the mountains. Our trustees are the Frontier Nursing Service, and it is of the utmost help to us to have them visit their work at first hand. No other trustee has come as often as Mrs. Henry B. Joy of Detroit. Except for the year when she broke her hip, she has not missed an annual visit in a long time. This year she came before the end of September with the special wish of seeing something of the Bucket. There aren't any words in which we could describe what it meant to us to have her here.

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We have had our usual group of junior couriers through the autumn months, most competent ones. First came Ellen Mary Hare of Radnor, Pennsylvania, and Susan Spencer of Barrington, Illinois, and then Barbara Bentley of Altadena, California. We have had no senior courier, but these young juniors were so mature that Jean Hollins has been able to handle the courier service without a senior.

.

New nurses at the Hospital are Catherine Mary Mirabito with a B.S. in nursing from the University of Rochester, New York; Helen Van V. Warren of Boston; and Madeline Foster Cook of New Bedford, Massachusetts. Two other young nurses

are Ruth E. Kamerad and Johann De Korte, both from the Blodgett Memorial Hospital of Grand Rapids, Michigan. These nurses are the regular replacements that we accept Fall and Spring for the nurses who have transferred to the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery. We are able to make their service with us a most diversified one. In rotation they go out on the district around Hyden with Scotty, and serve in the huge medical clinics under Carlie. In this way they learn to know their patients in their homes and in the clinics as well as in the hospital wards.

The Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery has turned out its 16th class of nurse students as full fledged nurse-midwives. All of them passed successfully the examinations conducted by the Kentucky State Board of Health, and received the diplomas of the School. Viola Tillotson has returned to Mississippi; Gwendolyn Buchanan, Gertrude Isaacs, Maxine Thornton, and Alice Young have stayed with the Frontier Nursing Service. Alice Young is a supervisor in the School at the present time.

The School has now graduated seventy-one nurse-midwives and they are scattered all over the world.

The 17th class opened on October 15th with the following registered nurses as students: Phyllis Benson, Gladys Bowers, Jessica Minns, Margaret Oracko, Hilda Sobral, and Ruth Wardell.

A most welcome member of the Frontier Nursing Service staff is the new Social Service Secretary, Mary Ann Quarles, B.A. As all of you know, the Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority maintains as their national charity the Social Service Secretary of the Frontier Nursing Service, and provides a liberal monthly sum for her work. Mary Ann Quarles comes to us with a devoted interest in social service and considerable experience in several parts of the United States. She has deferred final work on her master's degree until she has gained the added experience of what we hope will be a prolonged stay with the Frontier Nursing Service.

We have had to give up some of our staff with real regret. Barbara Carpenter, as we have announced under "Old Staff News," has left for her home in California and marriage before

the end of the year. Theda Fetterman (Teddy) has gone home for an indeterminate stay after climaxing her service with an acute attack of appendicitis. The circumstances were briefly as follows. Dr. Francis Massie and Dr. Eugene Todd, with Miss Oliver, their anesthetist, came up in October for one of those marvelous surgical clinics that they now make semi-annual, God bless them. Teddy came in from the outpost center at Brutus (thank God she did come in!) to be the chief surgical nurse. She felt queasy but kept her sensations to herself until the three heavy operating days were over. Then she named to us the fact that she had the wrong kind of pain in the right sort of place! Naturally she became a surgical casualty herself. Dr. Collins (assisted by Dr. Rue) came over from Hazard for the operation, as he always does for our emergencies, and God bless him too.

The third nurse to leave us, and how we hope it won't be for too long a time, is our senior Hospital nurse, Margaret Field, one of the most worthwhile people in the whole Frontier Nursing Service. The reason for her going is deeply distressing. Her father is in very poor health up in Riverton, New Jersey. Margaret has gone home to help with his care. She writes, "He is patient and cheerful but it's heartbreaking to see him in this condition, especially as he's always been so well." In this same letter Margaret adds a paragraph that goes right to our hearts:

"I think of Kentucky more times every day than you could guess, more even than I can count, and always my thoughts are ones of joy and gratitude."

Before she left us, Margaret gave us a memorandum on surgical supplies needed for large surgical clinics. The fact that we have not enough such supplies means that the busy nurses have to keep on re-sterilizing things. We really should have enough of everything needed—for even the largest clinics—sterilized in advance. In her memorandum Margaret wrote as follows:

Since my arrival in 1944 I have seen the work of the Hospital grow tremendously. Not only are there more patients regularly, but the great increase in the use of penicillin, clyses, and infusions, besides the increase in Dr. Massie's and Dr. Urton's clinics, means an increasing amount of work.

The clinics seem to be getting heavier each time and therefore the drain upon the Hospital and its supplies is heavier. My experience of last week is so fresh in my mind that I want to emphasize the need for more supplies before I forget any

details. . . . If we had enough towels and gowns well in advance of the next clinic, they could be wrapped and sterilized ahead of time and much of the work of sorting, laundering, wrapping, and sterilizing each day during the clinic could be avoided. We also need four large enamel pans such as those used for sterilizing instruments. If we had these supplies, I believe surgical clinics would go much more quickly and efficiently and the surgical nurses on duty would be less worn out at the end.

All the extra basins and linens could be stored in the attic between clinics, as I have been doing right along. Thus there would be no waste and this equipment would last for years.

Because I feel so deeply on this matter and want to do everything possible to help the Hospital run at its maximum efficiency, I am enclosing my check for ten dollars to start the Fund.

Here is Margaret's list of supplies for surgical clinics:

- 6 dozen Surgical towels
 - 2 dozen Surgical gowns
 - 4 enamel pans 16" x 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 2"
 - 4 basins 8" in diameter
 - 8 basins 5" in diameter
-

Speaking of surgical clinics, we could not carry them, as all of you know, without the help of Miss Hope McCown, R.N.,



SISTER HOPE ON COMMANDO

of Ashland, Kentucky, who is affectionately called among all of us, "Sister Hope." She comes to us every time and does the hardest kind of volunteer work. For one thing, she assists the Hospital superintendent in every way; and, in addition, she runs a "Snack Bar" for the weary surgeons and nurses as they stagger out of the operating room. Her light refreshments include all the soft drinks from coffee to orange juice, and bits of appetizing food to be eaten with them.

After the clinic on this last visit Sister Hope made a visit to our outpost nursing center at Possum Bend (Frances Bolton Nursing Center), Confluence. This picture was taken there.

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We are happy to announce that Willie Joyce Sizemore, who is the granddaughter of Mrs. Lucretia Lewis, one of our Hyden Committee members, is taking her training as a nurse at St. Joseph's Hospital in Lexington. She is very happy there. Willie Joyce is one of the babies we brought into the world, over eighteen years ago. The nurse-midwife who officiated at her birth was Mary Harry, beloved member of the Frontier Nursing staff, and long since dead.

Among the babies lately born in Hyden is a young man named William C. Farmer, Jr., who is of special interest to us. Not only is his uncle, Rex Farmer, one of our trustees, but his mother was Lillah Begley, daughter of Mrs. M. C. Begley and her late dear husband. We can wish nothing finer for this little boy than that he remain true, all his life long, to his fine inheritance.

While we are writing of babies we want to say how much we enjoyed a visit at Wendover from Robert Wells, Jr. He was escorted by his grandmother, Mrs. Walter Hoskins, and his mother, Constance, who is now Mrs. Robert Wells. The baby's grandfather, Mr. Walter Hoskins, is one of our kindest trustees. He draws up deeds for us whenever they are needed—and helps us in many friendly, as well as legal, ways.

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The inside cover picture on this Bulletin is of two of the assistant directors of the Frontier Nursing Service, Betty Lester and Helen Browne. Because it is a recent picture, we thought you would all of you like to see it. You can read in their faces

some of the gay gallantry they put into the problems of the Frontier Nursing Service. At the moment, Betty is running the Hospital and Brownie is running the Field.

. . . .

Brownie and I made a recent visit to the maternity hospital at Oneida in Clay County, Kentucky. Many of you will have seen an article in a recent *Ladies' Home Journal* about this fine institution, made possible by a gift of the hospital plant to the State Board of Health of Kentucky. Dr. Kremer and Dr. Witt were the two physicians there at the time of our visit. They, with Miss Lucy White, the superintendent, and Miss Edith May Byer, administrative assistant, gave us a warm welcome. We were delighted to find Mrs. Helen C. Curry, an old friend, on a visit from the State Board of Health in Louisville. We are deeply grateful to this hospital for its coöperation with the only one of our nursing centers within striking distance of it, namely, Brutus on Bullskin Creek.

. . . .

We have had seven committee meetings in the area we cover, this autumn. First came the meeting of the big Hyden Committee. This is always held with an evening dinner at the Hospital. A lot of important things were discussed, as always, at this meeting.

The second committee meeting was at Brutus on Bullskin Creek. There are three ways of getting to Brutus. It lies over the hills behind the Hospital—a distance of something over twenty miles. That is the nearest way, but I have not taken that trail for years because of my broken back. I am not supposed to ride more than ten miles at a stretch.

The next shortest way to Brutus is by jeep up Big Creek from above Red Bird River, through the hills around Ned's Fork and down on Bullskin Creek. This way covers a distance from Hyden of twenty-three miles. The Big Creek and Bullskin Creek parts of it are on quite good WPA roads, but "never the twain shall meet." Unfortunately the WPA roads stopped before they met, and there is about four miles horseback trail in the middle. A jeep can negotiate it all right in dry weather but it is impassable most of the winter and spring.

The third way to Brutus, passable the year round by jeep

or car, is what we call "the long way." It is nearly sixty miles from Hyden and takes us way beyond our territory before it brings us back in again. For miles we are on a paved state highway and then on WPA roads for miles. These last are of varying degrees of dis-excellence but they are always passable.

On the trip for this committee meeting, Brownie and I went around the long way and came back by the middle way. As it was the driest time of the year there was no difficulty in negotiating the four miles between the two WPA roads.

The Frontier Nursing Service has a splendid group in its Brutus Committee. There was a large attendance at the meeting and a most helpful discussion.

The third committee meeting was that from the nursing center at the mouth of Flat Creek on Red Bird River. Many of the members of this group had never visited Wendover. They suggested that this year it would be a joy to pile into vehicles and come to Wendover for the noon committee dinner and meeting. It certainly was a joy to have them here. We were enthralled when no less than fourteen people, including Beatrice Miller, the Flat Creek nurse, piled out of the vehicles. With this group also we had most interesting discussions. Certain badly needed repairs are being carried out on the Service buildings at Flat Creek, through the generosity of the donors of this nursing center. The help and advice of the men, especially, were most valuable to us.

In late October we had committee meetings at Possum Bend nursing center (at Confluence) and at the nursing center at Bowlingtown. Both meetings were preceded by the customary noon dinners and both were extremely well attended by the members. There were so many things taken up that we haven't space to describe them all, but the discussions were excellent.

At Confluence the nurses wanted to give special thanks to the members of the committee, and to other friends, for all sorts of donations and services given since our last meeting. The little subsidiary clinic building on Hell-fer-Sartin Creek has been reroofed by the following men:

Henry Begley
Hetch Begley
George England

Charlie Griffiths
Floyd Jones
Amos Osborne

The subsidiary clinic on Grassy Creek has been repapered by Mrs. Felix Colwell and the girls, and Mrs. Mitchell Feltner. Sewing for the Possum Bend Center has been done by Mrs. Sally Huff, Mrs. Barney Huff and Mrs. Wanda Sizemore.

Mr. Snowden Huff has donated new paling for the nursing center; Mr. Roy Sizemore, lumber for the barn roof; Mr. Green Langdon, sawdust and lumber. Mrs. Harrison Begley and Mr. and Mrs. Joe Stidham, as well as other friends too numerous to mention, have helped the nurses in these days of high living costs by gifts of meat when they killed a hog, vegetables from their gardens, et cetera. Special mention was made of the faithful service of the Possum Bend barn man, Brown Begley, over a period of years.

The Confluence center is going through terrible throes at the present time. A new state highway is being cut down to just below the center—a highway terribly needed in that area and therefore most welcome. However, one does not get these improvements without a certain measure of devastation. The missionaries at Dryhill lost their barn, since the highway goes right over the barn's site; several people had to give up their orchards and some of their best bottom lands. We in the Frontier Nursing Service succeeded in keeping our huge oak barn because we donated the right-of-way with the proviso that the barn should not be touched, but we had to give up our cow shed and manure bent. We have bought a strip of land adjoining our acreage and are building a new cow shed and manure bent on this site.

At Bowlingtown it was entrancing to see the new electric lights now installed at this outpost nursing center, and to take a bath in water provided by the new well and electric pressure unit. All of the committee members at the meeting went all about the place, turning on lights, inspecting the pump house, and generally rejoicing in the wonderful improvements. They had reason to rejoice because they had raised and given more than one hundred dollars themselves. The balance of the costs, and it was a huge balance, was given by the son and two daughters of the late Mrs. Hiram W. Sibley of Rochester, New York, who had built this center in memory of her mother, Margaret Durbin Harper. At these committee meetings, I speak always

of the kind people who gave the nursing centers. If the centers are memorials, I speak also of the ones in whose memories they were given. These memories are indeed kept green.

For some months past we have been terribly anxious about the health of our Bowlingtown chairman, Mr. Will Gay. One of the first things Vera Chadwell, who has succeeded Inty as nurse at Bowlingtown,—one of the first things she told Brownie and me, when we arrived, was that Mr. Will Gay would be well enough to attend the committee meeting and to preside over it. We were greatly cheered, when we saw him, to find how much improved he seemed to be.

Our next committee meeting, in early November, was that of the Red Bird River Committee at the charming center donated by a Detroit trustee. Here too there was a good attendance. Here too we were cheered by having our chairman, Mr. T. L. Adams, able to attend and preside over the meeting after a long period of ill health. The secretary of this committee, Mrs. Floyd Bowling, keeps unusually full and accurate minutes. It is always delightful to me to hear these minutes read aloud and to recall the things we discussed at the last meeting. Discussions this year were unusually good. Mrs. Celia Marcum, chairman of the sewing circle, made a report on the baby garments and other things that the circle had made for the Frontier Nursing Service during the past months. They asked for another bolt of flannel-ette so that they could get busy on gowns for the winter babies.

At the Red Bird Center we had the pleasure of inspecting and admiring the repainting, inside and out, and we got an immense satisfaction out of the new roof given by the kind donor of this center. But the roof we did not inspect at first hand because we could not climb up on it.

The last of the outpost committees to hold a meeting was the one at Beech Fork, the Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Nursing Center, near Asher post office. We had an important piece of business to handle at this meeting—and that was the election of a new chairman. Mr. Isaac Wells, a fine chairman and an old friend, has moved away to Laurel County. The men at the meeting most chivalrously offered the chairmanship to two ladies, Mrs. Sherman Cook, widow of our first chairman,

and Mrs. Molly Bowling. Both ladies declined in most emphatic terms. Stimulated by the ladies, everybody got together and elected Mr. Lewis Howard of Bad Creek, Asher post office. It was a good choice. Needless to say, at this committee meeting, too, we had full discussions of a number of important matters and transacted a good deal of business. This noon dinner meeting, like those at all of the outpost centers, was constructive and delightful.

Although we have two state highways bisecting our territory, and a number of old CCC and WPA roadlets, here and there, we still receive patients at our Hyden Hospital who come on horseback. Behind the Hospital—over the mountains beyond it—there are long stretches of rough country. To illustrate what I say, I shall now tell the story of Mrs. Ira Rice whose first name is Noel.

Mrs. Rice is a young married woman of eighteen, who was expecting her first baby early in October. She was booked to be delivered in our Hyden Hospital. On October 1st, she got on her mule and rode from her home on Elkhorn Creek to the home of her mother, Mrs. Ida Osborne, on the headwaters of Hell-fer-Sartin Creek, a distance of about nine miles. She spent the night with her mother. The next morning, October 2nd, she got on her mule again—accompanied by Mrs. Osborne who rode with her—and travelled a distance of about eight miles to Hyden Hospital. On October 5th she gave birth to a fine baby boy named Bobbie Joe. Good luck to you, Bobbie Joe!

Thanksgiving is tomorrow. This section of the Bulletin will be going to the printers when the mail is taken out on Thanksgiving day. As many of our far-flung staff—scattered over so many hundreds of miles—as many of them as can, will gather at Wendover for our annual staff holiday. Virginia Lamb and Edna Owens, graduates of the Frontier School, have come all the way up from Mississippi to join in the celebration. Odette Prunet writes from Bordeaux, France, that she and an American friend are planning to dine in town so as to make a little festival

out of the day. All of our old staff in England, who are in or near London, will be having their annual Thanksgiving reunion dinner at the Regent Palace Hotel. Wherever anyone is found who has been with the Frontier Nursing Service, whether in Africa, war-torn China, Siam, Alaska, Brazil—wherever they are—they will give a thought to us here in Kentucky; and we shall include them in our prayer of remembrance. We hope that the Bucket will be able to lie on the sofa in the living room, near the great wood fire, long enough to be able to greet the staff members. Before we eat our Thanksgiving dinner we will have our moment of silent prayer and sing all together, as we do each year,

“Now Thank We All Our God.”

Postscript. The page to which all of the old crowd turn nowadays when they receive the Bulletin is this last page of “Field Notes.” That is because all of them want news of Dorothy F. Buck, the Bucket, more than any other news we have to give. She has shown a vitality not expected by her surgeon, nor any of us, but now she is rapidly losing strength. Since she is a rather tall woman, her normal weight was between one hundred forty and one hundred fifty pounds. Her weight now is one hundred twenty-six pounds.

There are few, so few, people with her condition who would not have been bedridden weeks ago. Sheer will power and love of service have gotten the Bucket into the Dog Trot for 7:30 a.m. breakfast through the autumn months. Until a few days ago, she walked to the Garden House after breakfast and put in several hours of work on the clearance of certain things she has in hand. On her last walk, she had to stop so often and was so faint that she has given that up. She still has midwifery records, from which to make summaries, in her room—and works in the mornings in bed. She still comes to the Big House for lunch. Since she takes no narcotics as yet, her mind is as clear as it ever was. She diverts herself in the afternoons in ways characteristic of her. For example, after Dr. Massie’s visit in October and conversations with him, she wrote a delectable paper called:

MYSTICAL MUSINGS
on
MASSIE'S METAPHYSICS

All rights reserved by the Bucket
First edition published October 14, 1948
at
Wendover, Kentucky

"Thumper" Knechtly, Publisher
(Meaning that Thumper typed it for her)

The Bucket enjoys her mail, even though she is not always able to answer letters herself. Some of the loveliest things about her come in letters to the rest of us. For example, here is a paragraph from a letter written by friends in Rochester, New York:

You will remember that on our only visit to Wendover Dorothy Buck was our hostess in your absence. We have never forgotten her or her firm, adequate, big spirit. Give her our love and tell her we have followed her illness with sadness and deep admiration.

In one of his public addresses the late Sir Oliver Lodge said, "I have sometimes thought that we carry the secrets of joy inside us. . . . The joy, the reality of life, is within you; but don't let it stay there, let it shine out." The joy of life continues to shine out from the Bucket and she is, as always, a blessing to her friends.

Statement of Ownership

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of

QUARTERLY BULLETIN
of the Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.

Published Quarterly at Lexington, Kentucky, for Autumn, 1948.

State of Kentucky }
County of Leslie } ss

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Mary Breckinridge, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Editor of the Quarterly Bulletin of the Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form to wit:

(1) That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business manager are:

Publisher: Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., Lexington, Kentucky.

Editor: Mary Breckinridge, Wendover, Kentucky.

Managing Editor: None.

Business Manager: None.

(2) That the owner is: The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., the principal officers of which are: Mr. E. S. Jouett, Chairman, Louisville, Ky., Mrs. Morris B. Belnap, Louisville, Ky., Mrs. Henry B. Joy, Detroit, Mich., Judge Edward C. O'Rear, Frankfort, Ky., Mrs. Charles S. Shoemaker, Pittsburgh, Pa., vice-chairmen; Mr. E. S. Dabney, Lexington, Ky., treasurer; Mrs. W. H. Coffman, Georgetown, Ky., and Mrs. George R. Hunt, Lexington, Ky., secretaries; Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, Wendover, Ky., director.

(3) That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

(4) That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by her.

MARY BRECKINRIDGE, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1948.

AGNES LEWIS, Notary Public,
Leslie County, Kentucky.

(My commission expires January 25, 1951.)

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S.C.M. stands for State Certified Midwife and indicates a nurse, whether American or British, who qualified as a midwife under the Central Midwives Boards' examinations of England or Scotland and is authorized by these Boards to put these initials after her name.

C.M. stands for Certified Midwife and indicates a nurse who qualified as a midwife under the Kentucky Board of Health examination and is authorized by this Board to put these initials after her name.

FORM OF BEQUEST

For the convenience of those who wish to remember the Frontier Nursing Service in their wills, this form of bequest is suggested:

"I hereby devise the sum of.....
dollars (or property properly described) to the Frontier
Nursing Service, a corporation organized under the
laws of the State of Kentucky."

HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

The following are some of the ways of making gifts to the Endowment Funds of the Frontier Nursing Service:

1. **By Specific Gift under Your Will.** You may leave outright a sum of money, specified securities, real property, or a fraction or percentage of your estate.
2. **By Gift of Residue under Your Will.** You may leave all or a portion of your residuary estate to the Service.
3. **By Living Trust.** You may put property in trust and have the income paid to you or to any other person or persons for life and then have the income or the principal go to the Service.
4. **By Life Insurance Trust.** You may put life insurance in trust and, after your death, have the income paid to your wife or to any other person for life, and then have the income or principal go to the Service.
5. **By Life Insurance.** You may have life insurance made payable direct to the Service.
6. **By Annuity.** The unconsumed portion of a refund annuity may be made payable to the Service.

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The principal of these gifts will carry the donor's name unless other instructions are given. The income will be used for the work of the Service in the manner judged best by its Trustees.

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.**Its motto:**

"He shall gather the lambs with his arm
and carry them in his bosom, and shall
gently lead those that are with young."

Its object:

To safeguard the lives and health of mothers and children by providing and preparing trained nurse-midwives for rural areas in Kentucky and elsewhere, where there is inadequate medical service; to give skilled care to women in childbirth; to give nursing care to the sick of both sexes and all ages; to establish, own, maintain and operate hospitals, clinics, nursing centers, and midwifery training schools for graduate nurses; to educate the rural population in the laws of health, and parents in baby hygiene and child care; to provide expert social service; to obtain medical, dental and surgical services for those who need them at a price they can afford to pay; to ameliorate economic conditions inimical to health and growth, and to conduct research towards that end; to do any and all other things in any way incident to, or connected with, these objects, and, in pursuit of them, to co-operate with individuals and with organizations, whether private, state or federal; and through the fulfillment of these aims to advance the cause of health, social welfare and economic independence in rural districts with the help of their own leading citizens.

Articles of Incorporation
of the Frontier Nursing Service,
Article III.

DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

We are constantly asked where to send supplies of clothing, food, toys, layettes, books, etc. These should always be addressed to the **FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE** and sent either by **parcel post to Hyden, Leslie County, Kentucky**, or by **freight or express to Hazard, Kentucky**, with notice of shipment to Hyden.

If the donor wishes his particular supplies to go to a special center or to be used for a special purpose and will send a letter to that effect his wishes will be complied with. Otherwise, the supplies will be transported by truck or wagon over the 700 square miles in several counties covered by the Frontier Nursing Service wherever the need for them is greatest.

Everything is needed and will be most gratefully received and promptly acknowledged.

Gifts of money should be made payable to
THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, INC.
and sent to the treasurer,
MR. EDWARD S. DABNEY,
Security Trust Company,
Lexington 15, Kentucky



THE NEWBORN BABY and his FRONTIER NURSE-MIDWIFE

Photograph Courtesy of Bertha Bloomer

Faint, illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.